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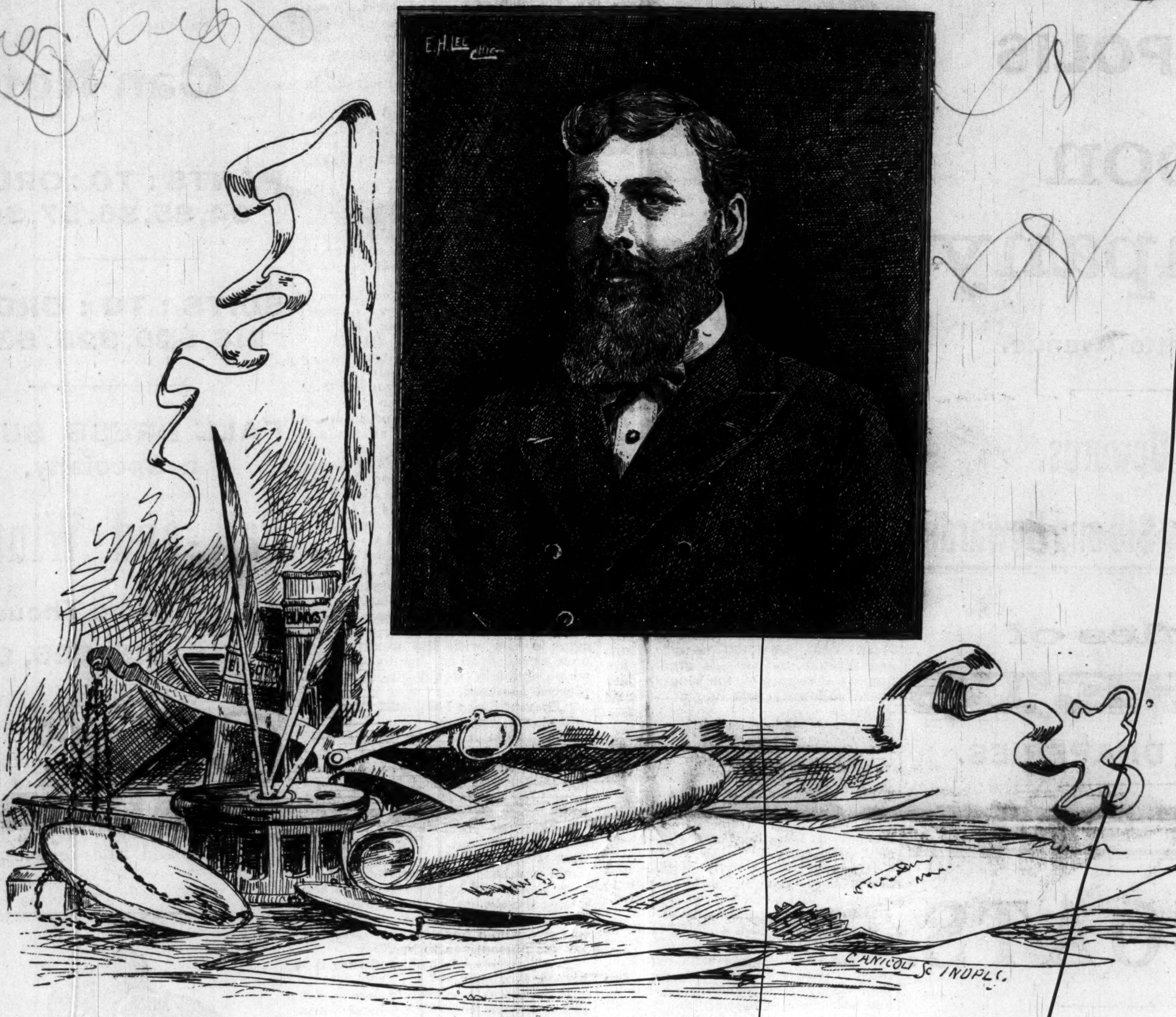

MILTON M. HOLLAND, ESQ.,

Second Auditor's Office, Washington, D. C.

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

A Victory at Law—Monumental Literary—A Colored Appointment—The Nsvassa Trials.

Baltimore American Special.

The Circuit Court at Tonson was the scene of an unusual and strange incident on last Wednesday. Tonson has always been looked upon as a place where the rights of a colored man were very little considered, and seldom if even recognized. When colored men have been brought before the court of justice for light offences they have been invariably convicted, and that too when defended by white attorneys. But when colored men have been charged with more serious crimes, especially in cases of crimina assaults upon white women, white men have refused to defend them, the form even at a trial has been dispensed with, and a furious, passionate and prejudiced mob has condemned the prisoner, the jail broken open and in many instances an innocent person outrageously dragged from the so-called protection of the law, strung to a tree and riddled with bullets. This is a picture of what happened at Towson not more than five yeaes age. On last Wednesday W. H. Gibson, a young colored man, was brought to trial for an alleged criminal assault upon a white lady. For the first time in the history of that county colored lawyers appeared before a jury. The prisoner was defended by lawyer Harry S. Cummings and Chas. W. Johnson, two of Baltimore's colored lawyers. A jury of white men was selected (for there has never been a colored juror in that county) and after an able and skillful examination of the witnesses, the theory of the defense, an alibi, was firmly established. The jury retired and after a deliberation of several hours, they brought in a sealed verdict of "not guilty." Lawyers Cummings and Johnson moved the discharge of the prisoner, and the sight of colored lawyers leading from that court one of their own race who was held on such a serious charge, was one long to be remembered by colored as well as white.

Much credit is due the gentlemen who composed the jury, for they came to their verdict by thorough belief in the testimony of the witnesses for the defense.

Wm. E. Matthews, Esq., the popular colored banker of Washington read an excellent paper before the Monumental Literary on Tuesday evening. Mr. Matthews made a tour abroad last summer and his paper was a polished presentation of the scenes and incidents of his trip. His subject was "London, Paris and the Great Exposition." There was a very large crowd present, and every one present enjoyed the graphic description of the people and the great cities of the Eastern Continent.

Malachi Gibson, Esq., a very popular and intelligent young man of this city was rewarded for his faithful and effective service to the Republican party last week, by an appointment as clerk in the Census Bureau at Washington. Mr. Gibson's appointment was urged by Congressman Stockbridge and other leading Republicans. Mr. Gibson will soon leave for Washington much to the regret of his many friends here.

The trial of the Navassa men began here this week. The government has twenty-five witnesses, and the trials will at least consume two weeks. The prisoners will be ably defended by an able corps of attorneys, Messrs. Archibald Sterling, Jr., J. Edward Stirling, Jos. S. Davis, E. J. Waring, Jas. D. Colter and Col. Graham.

Lawyer Harry Cummings lectured before a large audience at Elkton, Cecil county on the subject "Education and its Advantages."

Rev. D. G. Hill, of Elkton, preached quite an eloquent sermon at St. John's A. M. E. Church.

Rev. James Morris, pastor of Stockton A. M. E. Church, has been busily engaged in remodeling and building an addition to the church. The structure has been handsomely frescoed and painted, new pulpit furniture and other improvements. Much credit is due Rev. Morris for the assiduous efforts which he has put forth and in which he has been successful.

HE MET HARRY WILLIAMS.

A Southerner Meets Cleveland's Tenor in Paris---He is Surprised.

Charleston News and Courier: The "colored brother" who passes his time in the South in "kicking against the pricks" of a necessary social inferior- ought to come to Paris and be happy. Here he can find all the social equality he wants. It is common enough to meet with black Negroes in the company of handsome and elegantly dressed white women on the boulevards and elsewhere. At churches and in places of public entertainments they are afforded equal privileges with all, and there is probably not a hotel in Paris where a respectable darky of good appearance could not get all the accommodation he wanted. In fact, the French people, never having the Negro in an inferior position, accept him as they accept the Arabs and Chinese and Japanese, and treat them the same way. But my opportunity for the study of the "social equality" of the Negro was made practical in a very unexpected way a few days ago. Having been to attend a small musicial sociable at the house of one of the most renowned musical masters in Paris, and accompanying a young lady friend from American there, I found that one of that party of musical celebrities who had been invited to contribute to us as well as to enjoy the evening's entertainment was a young colored man, recently from London, but belonging originally to Cleveland, Ohio. He has been studying music in Paris and had been singing for the past season in London, where his remarkably fine voice had made him the favorite of many a titled parlor. He was good looking, spoke French well, talked well and fluently and sang with wonderful richness of tone. The small company was made up of English, American, French and Italians, only a baker's dozen in all, and the "brother in black" was treated in no wise different from the others, being rather the greater favorite of the evening, and, "lionized" especially by the English and French ladies. It goes without saying that the Americans present, while they did not take part in the "lionizing," found the incident a curious study.

THE LEAGUE MOVEMENT

in Massachusetts—Harrison Censured and Kellogg Applauded.

Cambri'g' Mass. Special.

The Cambridge National League held its first public meeting at the Mechanic Hall last evening. Quite a number of our citizens were present. The meeting was opened with first vice-president B. G. Hazel in the chair. Prayer was offered by the chaplain.

Rev. Joshua A. Brockett was then introduced to the audience by the presiding officer. He, in his usual good style addressed the meeting. His remarks were ripe with points of interest and replete with eloquence and humor.

He was followed by several gentlemen of prominence; among them, Rev. Jesse Harrold, S. M. Carrington, J. E. Stevenson, P. L. Wilson, and A. S. Pryor.

The following resolutions from the Executive Committee, presented by A. S. Pryor, were most unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We fully appreciate the uncertainty of political parties in that their conduct toward the Afro-American is so seldom characterized by either justice or magnanimity in their recognition of his fitness for, and entitlement to the emoluments of citizenship, due him both by reason of his fidelity to the Union, and his desire and capacity for elevation to that plane which makes possible the pursuit of "race happiness and domestic tranquility" as free, loyal citizens willing to render that obedience to the laws of the land and to share whatever responsibilities are encumbent upon him:

Moreover, believing there are many who would deal fairly with this question of Negro citizenship, handled so fastidiously by the majority of those even, who profess the same political faith as the mass of our people, yet, from the kindly and sincere interest manifested by the Hon. Ex-Senator Wm. Pitt Kellogg, of Louisiana, as set forth in a special dispatch to the Boston Herald dated Nov. 4, '89, in an interview between himself and the Public Printer, in respect to Negro patronage at Washington, D. C., and, also, in a special dispatch to said paper dated Nov. 7, '89, respecting the recent Republican defeat in Iowa, Virginia and Ohio, and the attempt of President Harrison "to build up a white man's party in the South," we feel it our duty to memorialize the pluck, manhood and largeness of heart, which challenges the admiration and respect of every member of the race; therefore be it

Resolved, That we as a body, organized to augment and facilitate the efficiency of any and all impartial measures and to encourage those who labor for the elevation of our race, do, most sincerely take this means of extending to the Hon. Wm. Pitt Kellogg our warmest commendations and thanks for the able and forcible manner in which he represented our cause before the Nation, trusting he may once more become the worthy and efficient representative of his constituency, when she returns to the true principles of Republicanism.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Hon. Wm. Pitt Kellogg.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be furnished forthwith to the Boston Herald, New York Age, Plain Dealer and Freeman for publication.

The meeting then adjourned to be convened at 8 p. m., Nov. 29, prox.

CHICAGO MISCELLANY.

The Drainage Commission in Chicago---Colored Politicians on the Alert---Order in and Out of the Churches

Chicago Special to The Freeman.

December the 12th will be the election of the Drainage Commissioners, nine in number. The Republicans and Democrats will nominate five candidates each. The candidate receiving the smallest vote is defeated and the side that gets the five can select their chairman. They are elected for five years, with salaries of $3,000 each, except the chairman who receives $4,000, and they will handle between thirty and fifty millions of the people's money raised by special taxation. The colored voters of the South Side held a mass meeting and decided not to attempt to place a colored man on the ticket. After denouncing the Republicans for t e treatment they had received, a c mmittee of five were appointed to ll upon five of the nominees rega less of party and solicit pledges of tronage for colored men. The report f this committee is of vital importance o all colored men and especially ta payers.

All of ou many churches are making great preparations for Thanksgiving. Mrs. R. D. Marshall, organist and Sunda School teacher of Hermon Baptist ch ch, is doing very creditable work a ong the children who are in training r a concert and literary entertainm t on Thanksgiving. It is the first on e North Side among colored people. Their ex-Elder Harris was given urprise Monday evening last, under e direction of Mrs. Irene Achers.

Mrs. Fran s E. W. Harper, of Philadelphia, a Mrs. S. I. H. Early, of Tennessee, legates to the W. C. T. U. Conventi here, last week, visited many of the ifferent colored churches No doubt th are surprised at such small gather gs by our people. Well, they are not instrels.

Miss Ida rown, North Side, tendered a pl sant evening party to many of her riends, Thursday last.

Services a St. Stephen's Church in the past ha e been characterized by the attendan e of some of the worst misbehaving young men and young women that uld be found, but the present past , Rev. Reynolds, gave his officers t understand that if they could not ma tain order and good behavior he wo d, and all he asked for was the nam of the guilty parties, and there ne be no further trouble, for there was aw and men to enforce it and they w uld attend to the matter. His firmness ad the desired effect and he goes on h God's work uninterrupted.

Mrs. Jos hine Williams and her fourteen-ye -old son, Tommy, left for their home Vicksburg, Miss., Saturday last.

The twe y-second anniversary of Hutchinson odge G. U. O. of O. F. was celebra d at Central Hall on the 11th inst., d was a brilliant affair. The literary programme was a brilliant one, e ecially the song by Miss Mamie Hod s and recitation by the talented Mi Fannie Hall.

RE ARDS DELAYED.

Prepared for he Freeman.

If you ha a friend worth loving,
 Love h —yes, and let him know
That you ve him, e'er life's evening
 Tinge brow with sunset glow.
Why sto good words ne'er be said
 Of a fri till he is dead.

If you he a song that thrills you,
 Sung by y child of song,
Praise it— not let the singer
 Wait de rv d praises long.
Why shou one who thrills your heart,
 Lack the y you may impart?

If you hea prayer that moves you
 By its h ble, pleading tone,
Join it, d ot let the seeker
 Bow be e his God alone.
Why shou not your brother share
 The stre th of two or three in pray r.

If you se e hot tears falling,
 Falling om a brother's eyes,
Share th , and thus by the sharing
 Own yo kinship with the skies.
Why sho any one be glad
 When rother's heart is sad?

If a silver augh is rippling
 Throug he sunshine on his face,
Share it, the wise man's saying,
 For bot rief and joy a place,
There's h th and goodness in the mirth
In which honest laugh has birth.

If your wo is made more easy
 By a frie y helping hand,
Say so, spea out brave and truly
 E'er the d kness veil the land.
Should a br er workman dear,
 Falter for ord of cheer?

Scatter thus r seeds of kindness,
 And enrichi as you go,
Leave them, st the harvest Giver,
 He will ma each seed to grow,
So until life's appy end
 You shall er need a friend.

L. GARBER.

Danville, Ky., v. 11, 1889.

Prof. Rober Nickle, magician, who lately died in ashington, was advertised to app r at the Providence Musee last we , and is advertised to appear again is week.

Grandest - of - the - Season,

The U. B. F. No. 22, and S. M. T. No. 24,

WILL GIVE A

Grand * Entertainment

And Promenade Concert, at LYRA HALL,

MONDAY EVENING, November 25th.

Noted Speakers will be present. Grand March takes place at 9:30. Supper will be served from 10 to 12 p. m. There will be three prizes: Barrel of flour, dress pattern and set of dishes. Tickets will be sold at the Hall. We will spare no pains to make it pleasant for all. Come One, Come all, and have a grand time. Good music furnished by Fulkerson Band.

Committee on Arrangements. Joel Cage, Porter Green, W. Little, Lewis Harris, A. Craighead, Luo Hiser, Fannie Bell, Annie Williams, Laura Braudas, Ella Quarles, Henry Griffin, Chairman Floor Managers. Joel Cage and Porter Green.

Admission, 25 Cents

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ALBERT GALL.

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Heavy Overcoats at $4 and upward. $10 and $12 Overcoats in Cassimeres, Kerseys and Chinchillas.

Yes, Sir!

And you can't afford to buy anywhere until you have seen our SPECIALTY, a $12 Overcoat that is sold all around us for $15. We actually save you $3.

Overcoats for boys and children at low prices. Beautiful fabrics, made up in the latest styles.

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V THE BORROWING FAMILY.

It's pleasant to be neighborly
  Because it lessens sorrow
And helps along that family
  Who live on what they borrow.

That you are proud to be their friend
  They havn't any doubt of;
They also think you like to lend
  The things you're always out of.

Their servants come with cups and pails
  For groceries forgotten;
The daughter borrows shawls and veils
  And scissors, pins and cotton.

The mother borrows books to read
  And kettles, pots and dishes
And things she knows you surely need
  Regardless of your wishes.

We like this happy family,
  They make our pleasures double,
For while they borrow all they see
  They never borrow trouble.

LOVES EBB AND FLOW.

Clyde Harris stood looking down on the lovely face of the girl before him, his dark eyes burning.

It was a fair, delicately-cut, perfectly-tinted face, with great violet eyes looking innocently out from its beauty, and a mass of silken, sunny hair piled high above its low white brow, and for months he had followed it.

There she stood, cold and fair, with even pulses and untroubled heart—she who had allowed him to love her unchidden, unwarned; she who but a moment before had told him that she would never be anything to him—that she was the betrothed wife of a brainless, moneyed youth, who had dangled in her train for some time.

Within, someone was singing. On the still Autumn air the words stole out to Clyde, and made his lip curl bitterly.

Man's love is like the restless waves,
  Ever at rise and fall;
The only love a woman craves—
  It must be all in all.
Ask me no more if I regret—
  You need not care to know;
A woman's heart can ne'er forget;
Bid me good-by, and go!

"The only love a woman craves!" Ah, but the fairest woman he had ever seen was throwing a man's true love out of her life that she might take in its place the glitter of diamonds and the sheen of costly raiment!

"You have not cared for me at all then?" he asked at last.

And the violet eyes lifted to his reproachfully.

"I like you better than anybody else," she said sweetly. "Indeed I am very sorry you are poor, Clyde."

With a tightening of the heart he turned away, as her betrothed came out and claimed her. And so they parted—they who had played at love till one of them was wounded.

Inez Lake went in to the light and music of her hostess' parlors; Clyde Harris went down the veranda steps and through the moonlit night to his home, the refrain of the song he had heard following him like a mocking voice:

You do not love me—no!
Bid me good by, and go;
A woman's heart can not forget;
Bid me good-by, and go.

"A man's heart shall!" he vowed, going in at the door of his home, and crossing the pretty hall to the parlor. "I will forget Inez Lake—or remember her only as I saw her last night—false, cold, mercenary."

It was yet early. His mother and her protege—the girl she had taken to her heart and home long years before—had not gone to their rooms.

His mother lifted a warning hand as he entered and smiled.

"Elaine has fallen asleep," she said softly. "We will not wake her yet, poor child! How lovely she is, Clyde, and how changed by her late illness!"

Elaine Gonzales lay back in a large chair, sleeping. Her olive face rested against the dark velvet; the lashes lay, black as night against her cheeks. Her face looked like a freshly opened magnolia blossom as he stood looking down upon it, and he thought how well it contrasted, in its dark yet delicate beauty, with that blonde face of Inez Lake.

Suddenly the girl's black eyes unclosed. She smiled up at him—a smile that flashed sunlight over her whole face.

"I was dreaming," she said merrily—"a pleasant dream, Clyde; for you were in danger, and I saved you. But you are quite pale. What is it?"

She sprung from the chair and laid her hand on his arm. He took it in his own as he answered her.

"I have been dreaming, too," he said, trying to smile, "and my dream was much like yours, only the danger that threatened me I had to meet alone ——"

"Clyde," his mother interrupted, while the girl drew nearer him, and looked wistfully into his face—"Clyde, there is a letter on the table at your elbow, which came while you were out. I don't know why, but it has made me uneasy. Read it, my son."

He dropped Elaine's hand, and took up the envelope. As he opened it, and read the inclosure, vaguely, dimly he felt that, had it come but six hours before, the current of his life would have been changed by it—the girl he wooed would not have said him nay so sweetly in the moonlight.

"Mother," he said, lifting his eyes from the sheet—burning, bitter eyes they were—"this letter tells me that I am sole heir of your Uncle Daniel. My head swims as I read of my possessions—all beyond the Atlantic—left me by a man who never saw my face, who knew nothing of me, but hoarded all his days, to leave lands, houses, gold, for a stranger to squander. For we will squander it, mother. We will do no hoarding."

"Clyde, my son, you are not romancing?"

"No. I tell you what the lawyers write me. Henceforth I may purchase what I will, of comfort, courtesy, kindness, love, even. And you, Elaine"—he turned to her, the bitter light strong in his eyes—"you shall have luxury, jewels, raiment, to set off your beauty. I will dower you so well that you will not have to ask, when a man brings his love to you, whether or not he can gild it with his gold. I—"

"Hush!" cried the girl, facing him in burning indignation, her eyes aflame, her cheeks crimson. "My friend, my brother, hush! I do not merit such words from you, for you know my past, and you know how very happy I have been without riches. If you think I can be so glad at thought of jewels or fine raiment—"

The words broke, sobs choked her; and turning from him, she hurried to the door.

"Clyde, Clyde, how could you?" his mother cried, impulsively. "Are you blind that you do not know? Elaine has loved you since she was a child."

Blind? Yes, he had been so; but with what a shock had sight come to him. Well, all shocks are beneficial to the man whose love dream has but mocked him; and hearts, when they ache most sorely, may be nearest the rebound.

Clyde crossed the ocean, found all as represented, sent for his mother and Elaine, and remained for three years in England. Then, wishing for a sight of his native land, found himself on board for America.

If he thought of Inez Lake at all, as he stood alone on deck, the first night after they had lost sight of land, it was with a half smile. And yet, when he turned his eyes from the water and saw her coming toward him, with the olden grace in her every movement, the olden smile on her red lips, his face lost color, and for an instant it seemed to him as though within his heart the love he had deemed lifeless stirred.

"It is pleasant to meet again, Clyde," she said, extending a soft, jeweled hand. "We are both returning to America after absence."

"I did not know you had left it," he said, coldly.

"Oh, yes, when I married Mr. Vane I coaxed him to take me abroad, and he did so. We traveled for a year, and then—you know he died in Naples eleven months ago?"

Clyde looked down upon her with eyes as cold and hard as steel.

She had married Royal Vane; he had idolized her, and she told of his death, in a foreign land, as even of voice, as calm of face, as though she spoke of the fading of a flower.

And such cold creatures could break the hearts and mar the lives of men!

Nay, it was memory, not love, that had stirred in his breast. His love—his tender, precious love—was sitting beside his mother, surrounded by men—as she had been wherever her dark face had been seen, since she went with him across the sea—and he knew that no beat of her heart, no smile of her lips, was for any of them; she was his, loving and true, as in the old days she had been, when he had passed her for the siren at his side.

"I did not know," he said at last.

"I thought you did not," she answered, softly, "for you sent me no word. I have heard of you, Clyde, and I know that you are still free. I, also, am free to-night. We are no longer poor."

If love was not utterly dead for her in his heart, would it not have the dart of death in it then—then, when she came to him with the wealth of the unmourned dead in her hands, with which she fain would gild its thorn-pierced forehead.

"They told you I was still free?" he said slowly, his whole manly soul revolting from the task before him. "They did not tell you truly, then, for I am bound, by a love so strong and tender that all past fancies blanch to nothing beside it. When my hands were empty, I was richer than I knew—rich in life's best riches. When fortune came to me, I began to realize that it was not the love my wealth could purchase that I wanted, but the love that would be mine were I a beggar in the streets. 'Tis mine to-night, Mrs. Vane, and yonder is the girl who has my whole heart in her keeping. Let me present you to her."

She bent her fair head and turned at his side in silence.

If there was a regret in her breast, it was not for the dead husband whom she had left under the grasses of Naples. And if her dainty face was paler than usual, it only proved that in the most selfish heart there is a spot which can be touched and made to quiver with keen agony of pain.

He led her to Elaine and introduced the two. And when Inez met the sunny, upward glance of Elaine's dark eyes, she did not wonder that her own spells had fallen from Clyde's heart beneath their splendor.

"She is lovelier than I," she told herself, bitterly.

And it did not dawn upon her that it was something nobler, worthier, less transient than that beauty which had won Clyde Harris.

Nursing Cases of Typhoid.

First of all, after the wise physician, we should say procure a well trained nurse. Some of our physicians will not take a case of this fever without one.

But if one cannot be employed, then put in practice the best rules of good nursing by keeping the patient quiet, entirely free from company, excitement, noise and disturbing influences of all kinds, and exempt also from all exertion, even to lifting the head or turning the body alone.

Give no food except a glass of milk every two or three hours, and lower the temperature as it rises by sponge baths under the blanket, consisting generally of alcohol and water.

There must be no wearying nor flagging in the enforcement of these rules until the patient has been normal all day for a week, and even then great caution must be used lest too great bodily exertion bring on fatal results.

When it is better and more generally understood that typhoid fever is principally and primarily a condition of ulceration of the thin tissues of the intestines, and that any but the softest foods or the gentlest movements of the body may produce perforation, which is sure death, or how easily other dangerous results, such as hemorrhages or peritonitist, may be induced, physicians will find their patients and those in charge of them more strictly obedient to their injunctions; and in our homes, as in the hospitals, it will be the rare exception where the sufferer does not recover.—Exchange.

Wouldn't Try Them.

Physician—I regret to tell you, sir, that my medicine and skill can do nothing more for you. The only possible help that can come to you now is through christian science or the elixir of life.

Sick man—Well, you don't catch me trying those things. Dummed if I don't get well first.

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$4, $5, $6, $7, $8.

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One Thousand Styles,

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Samples and rules for self-measure by mail.

After Using. Before Using.

Soft, Straight and Silky.

MY NUTRITIVE POMADE, which I use in connection with my French System of Hair Improvement. I wish to recommend to the Ladies of Indianapolis and elsewhere, as an indispensible article for the toilet; a preparation for softening, rendering glossy and pliant, and thereby promoting a healthy growth of the hair. Those who have been unable to secure my treatment for cultivating the hair will find their hair greatly improved by trying a bottle of the Nutritive Pomade, which will be found constantly for sale either at the residence of Mr. Geo. Knox, 118 N. Tennesse St., or at his Barber Shop at the Bates House. Price per bottle, 50c. Sent by mail on receipt of 55c. in stamps or postal note.

Ladies of Chicago

I am here in your city for the purpose of introducing my GREAT FRENCH SYSTEM OF HAIR IMPROVEMENT. The system is a natural method of hair development and differs widely from the common method of ironing, in that it really improves its quality as well as its appearance; whereas the system of ironing leaves the hair looking pulled out and drawn, and the person liable to have their straight hair kink and curl when it gets wet, whenever they stand over steam, or whenever there is a fog or rain, and prevents washing the hair altogether, therefore leaving an accumulation of dust and grease on the scalp which is highly offensive to fastidious taste. Under my system the hair can be washed whenever it is necessary, thereby its growth will be promoted and a healthy condition of the scalp secured. All ladies interested in the development of the hair can see me for consultation or treatment at No. 497 State Street—Mrs. Lamar's Boarding House.

Rebecca E. Elliott,

Hair Culturist.

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Send for our extraordinary inducements to agents. Address,

THE FREEMAN, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SAVED BY A BOY CHIEF.

A Government Scout Falls Among the Apaches.

There will never be another Indian outbreak serious enough to call for the action of a full regiment of soldiers in suppressing it. The extermination of the buffalo was the death-blow to the hostile Indian. Added to that, the building of the railroad lines flooded the West with emigrants, miners, hunters and tourists, and the Indian found himself hedged in by circumstances. The red man is no longer a warrior. He is down pretty low, and it is the beginning of the end. He is doomed to follow the buffalo, and his total extinction will be regretted only by the few philanthropists who argued for him as a theory, and never came in physical contact.

No human being ever came nearer being a devil than an Apache Indian. The Pawnees, Blackfeet and Cheyennes were wicked enough, but the Apache had traits of his own—a devilishness which other tribes might imitate but could not equal. He was born crafty and cruel. He never had the slightest feeling of mercy or pity from the cradle to the grave. He was never so much amused as when assisting to torture some living thing. He was never so satisfied as when planning to take life.

A year previous to the time when General Custer was ordered West to begin a vigorous campaign against the Indians, the Apaches were in their glory, and they boasted that they could defeat any force of soldiers sent against them. I was scouting and mail-carrying in Texas for the Government, and after many close shaves was finally captured by the red devils. It is of that incident I am going to write.

A month before my capture I was out on a scout on the Rio Pecos, our party numbering eighteen men. We were well mounted and moving quickly from point to point. One day at noon we went into camp in a grove of cotton woods, and before I had unsaddled the Lieutenant in command informed me that he had lost his revolver from its holster during the last mile of our ride, and asked me to ride back in search. Instead of riding I returned on foot, and had the luck to find the weapon only about a quarter of a mile away. I then cut across an elbow to reach the grove, and when within stone's throw came suddenly upon an Indian pony in a dry gulch, and at the same instant discovered his owner crouched behind a bloulder with his back to me and his face to the grove. I had him under my rifle before he could turn his head. Indeed, my finger was on the trigger when I saw that he was a boy. He had a rifle in his hands, but I called out to him to lay it down or I would fire, and after a moment's hesitation he obeyed. Then, as I kept him covered at a distance of only seven or eight feet, I called to the men in the grove, and several of them came hurrying down in response.

I had captured a son of Black Cloud, chief of one of the Apache bands, and the boy was named after his father. He was only 14 years old, and his presence there exemplified the ruling traits of Apache character. Three hours before he had discovered our party while out hunting with a party of his own. They dared not make an open attack, but the young chief had sent his people away and then cut across the country to the grove, planning that he would halt there. Single-handed and alone he was going to pick off the Lieutenant, and then make his escape to boast of it. We had splendid horses and were all old campaigners, and the boy would not have had one chance in ten to get away. He must have realized it, and yet he was willing to run the risks. He was greatly chagrined and cast down by his capture. We had finished our scout and were on our way back to Fort McKavett, and were determined to carry him in prisoner. When he was informed of this he earnestly begged me to kill him, saying that he could never hold up his head among his people again. H d he been wounded and rendered helpless it would not have been so bad; but to be taken as he was would forever disgrace him. We bound him fast to his pony, secured the animal against a break for liberty, and set out for the fort.

The boy was sullen and defiant for a time, refusing to answer any questions, but after a while, when I told him that he would not be harmed, and that his capture under the circumstances rebounded to his credit, he thawed out a little. Three hours after his capture we got sight of a single Indian a mile away to our right on a knoll, and as we halted young Black Cloud informed me that it was one of the tribe, who wanted to have a talk with us. Signals were exchanged beween the two, and the stranger soon came galloping in. He was one of the hunting party, and had been dogging us for twenty miles to find out if the boy had been captured. He was a fine-looking fellow, and as he halted in our midst, and saw the ignoble situation of the boy his first thought was to fight for him. I called his attention to the fact that any move of his would result in the de th of both, and then explained how the youth was captured. Knowing the conceit of the tribe, I spread it on very thick, alleging that it required our whole force to make the capture, and it was not accomplished then without a hard fight. This falsehood made the boy my friend for life, while it put the other in better humor. I stated that young Black Cloud would be taken to the fort and held prisoner until exchanged for some white captive, and gave my word that he would be well treated meanwhile. He sent a message to his father to the effect that he was not afraid, and hoped to be at liberty in a few days, and two hours later we had him safely lodged in the guard house at the fort. His capture was looked upon as a good thing, for we knew that his tribe would gladly exchange two or three white prisoners for him.

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

Iowa "State Register" Recipe Tested for Twenty Years.

The greatest difficulity in not successfully treating diphtheria is through not beginning treatment in time. Only a short delay often places the loved patient beyond the reach of physician's skill and all human aid. Therefore it is all important that a physician be promptly called at the earliest appearance of diphtheria symptoms. It is good policy to keep the prescription which has carried a child through a siege with this disease and also a supply of medicine in the family medicine chest. This plan will enable mothers who are good nurses to safely combat future attacks.

Nearly twenty years ago Dr. W. A. Scott, a physician of ability and skill, sent the Register a recipe for the cure of diphtheria, which h s republished it several times at the request of subscribers who had mislaid, lost or worn out the article and did not feel safe without the recipe. Dr. Scott's generosity in giving it to the public at the expense of his own practice has been greatly appreciated by the mothers of Iowa, as h s been frequently shown by the letters published in praise of "The Register's Diphtheria Cure," thus robbing the generous doctor out of all credit for his philanthropic motives in making the remedy public. Thousands of children in country homes are frequently beyond all earthly aid before a physician and remedies can be brought to their relief. Therefore, it is highly important that the papers of the country should give publication to the recipe, again published herewith, with the added suggestion that the medicine should be kept constantly in the house, and treatment begin on the first symptom of the disease. If there should be doubt as to the disease being diphtheria use the remedy at once, as it will do no harm, and send for the family physician without delay. Practice will make any good nurse skillful in the treatment of this most greatly dreaded disease, but in a severe case do not trust to your own skill, but send for the physician without delay.

The good Dr. Scott is still using the treatment in his own practice and writes the Register:

PLEASANTVILLE, Oct.—The years that pass only confirm me in the fact that this is as near a specific in diphtheria as medical skill can reach. It don't fail if used in time and as directed. I use it successfully to this day. The recipe can be filled at any drug store, and used by any person without danger:

Take ten grains of permenganate of potassium, and mix with one ounce of cold water. As soon as dissolved it must be applied with a rag or sponge mop or swab to the whitish places in the tonsils, and other parts that have the diphtheria membrane on. Do this very gently, but thoroughbly, every three hours until better; then every six hours until well. It does not give pain, but is rather nauseous to the taste. If the tongue is coated white I mix one drachm of hyposulphite of soda and five drops of oil of sassafras in four ounces of syrup made of sugar and hot water, and give a teaspoonful every one to three hours as needed when awake. If the tongue is not coated white I mix twenty drops of tincture of phytolacca in four ounces of cold water and give a teaspoonful every one to three hours as needed, when awake. The phytolacca its the common poke root of the South, and as it loses its strength by drying and age, the tincture should be from the fresh root, or it is worthless.

It is well to apply a little sweet oil, or cosmoline to the outside of the throat to protect from the action of the air, as the patient must be protected from all danger of getting chilled.

In the beginning of the disease in mild cases, the above solution of permanganate of potassium is all that I use, and all that is needed, as the disease is local at first but rapidly affects the whole system when seated. In the stinking form of diphtheria this solution soon destroys all smell, and in every case destroys the diphtheria membrane without leaving any bad effect behind.

W. A. SCOTT. M. D.

A White Rose.

The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love,
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud,
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

The Leaves We Pressed.

The zephyrs through the branches played
And kissed the leaves of gold,
As Maud and I with Cupid strayed
Through forests dim and old.
My memory still fondly cleaves
To those delightful hours
When we two sought the autumn leaves
To press the winter flowers.

She was a vision of delight,
With locks of sunny hue
And watching eyes so soft, yet bright,
To match the sky's own blue.
She pinned a fair autumnal spray
Of gold across her breast—
Her blushes might the truth display—
The leaves we plucked and pressed.

The Beautiful Country of the Upper Nile.

For the first five hundred or six hundred miles of its course, from the Victoria Nyanza to a point somewhere north of Lado, the Nlie is known to the Arabs as the Bahr-el-Gebel, the river of the mountains. This is the most beautiful part of the river. The country is diversified with mountains and forests, green hillsides and bright brooks. For stretches of many miles the river is broad and slow. In other parts are wooded islands and foaming rapids. About half-way between the Victoria Nyanza and Lado the Nile flows through the northern end of the Albert Nyanza. Above the Albert lake are the Murchison falls. Below the lake, for more than one hundred miles, the stream is broad and placid, traversing a comparatively level country and always navigable for vessels drawing four or five feet. In this part of its course, about forty miles below the Albert lake, it passes Wadelai, the present head-quarters of Emin's government.—Colonel Prout, in Scribner.

Pointer for Authors.

Young authoress (with bundle of manuscript): "Would you like a story of a pair of young lovers who separated and each married some one else, and years after, when his wife was dead and her husband w s dead, the two met again and the old love rekindled?" Experienced publisher: "Um — I'm afraid that wouldn't be a success nowadays; but if you'll rewrite the story and have the man's wife and the woman's husband both alive when the two meet again and the old love rekindles it would sell like hot cakes."

A FAITHFUL EX-SLAVE.

He Told his "Young Misses" That the Lord Was Providin'.

The superintendent of census comes nearer the throbbing heart of poor humanity than any other official in Washington, says a letter to the New York Tribune. Of all the departments his alone is not governed by civil-service laws, and consequently that class of people whom Victor Hugo sweepingly described as "Les Miserables" turn to the census bureau. Some who apply are gentlewomen of middle age who can not pass a civil-service examination, because when they were young, girls were taught to be housewives and no provision was made for a widowhood or adverse circumstances when they would be forced to earn their own and their children's bread. Mr. Porter, the superintendent, says there is always one question that he is forced to put to applicants that goes through them like a knife. It is the simple and legitimate question, "What can you do?" Marvelous it is the number of people in the world who have no definite idea of their own capabilities. When the question doesn't bring tears it is usually followed by a wringing of the hands and a helpless "I can not tell," but rarely by a direct confident answer. One of these cases is unmatched in pathos. Mr. Porter boarded for a time after coming to the capital at a hotel where he noticed that his waiter was unusually attentive. The man did not seem to care for fees, nor did he ask anything for himself. For a month or two this dumb admiration was carried on until finally Mr. Porter said:

"What is it, Wallace? You seem to h ve something on your mind."

"Yes, sah; Ise been studyin', sah, as how like nuff dey mout be some place in the census for my young missis. She's desarvin' but is too proud to ask foh anything. Ise been studyin' nigh a ye h how Wallace could get somethin' foh de missis, and when de head waitah, sah, put you to my table, I jest said, de Lawd will provide."

"Who is the woman, Wallace?" Mr. Porter asked.

"She's de only chile of my ole massa 'fo de wah. Massa was killed an' missis an' de chile came norf when dey los' all. Dey lib above Great Falls, an' doan tell it, sah, but dey's ver' poah."

As Wallace finished some one came up to talk with Mr. Porter and the matter was forgotten. Wallace knew how to wait, and it was not until another fortnight that he said, hopefully:

"My young missis, sah, I forgot to say dat she ver' intellectual an' do everything consciously.

Wallace had the darky's aptitude for sounding words and passed among his colleagues as that mysterious Titian, a "college graduate." There was a ludicrous pedantry about him that made one think he must have been born a college graduate. It was his elect destiny. Mr. Porter received further confidences from the honest fellow, who could do what few white people would do in this selfish world—ask a favor for some one else before himself, and, in this case, for the daughter of the man under whom he had suffered bondage.

Promising to remember the "young missis," Mr. Porter left and might have forgotten her if it had not been for the faithful, ever-watchful Wallace. Finally one Saturday night he said:

"Well, Wallace, I have something for your young mistress. Tell her to come around to the census bureau next week and there will be some work for her."

Later he learned from the lips of the "young missis" that Wallace had walked fourteen miles though the rain that Saturday night after his work was done to tell her the good news of her appointment. She had not known that he was seeking the place for her, although for some weeks he had remarked mysteriously "De Lawd am providin'."

Mistakes in Marrying.

I may say here that I think marriage is of all human institutions the best, if you marry the right person, says Mrs. Crawford. If you don't, it's a school for patience, the most valuable of all the virtues. We both agreed that two persons of irritable nerves or hypersensitive dispositions should not unite in matrimony. Dickens was one of the best fellows, Wilkie Collins said, that ever lived, and a very cheerful worker. He was bright and genial in his home circle. But he had nerves, often on edge, and Mrs. Dickens was sensitive and mistrustful of herself. This made her low-spirited just at times when a flow of good humor was wanted to soothe him. He winced, and she shed tears, and so the dissolution of partnership came about. She was a good little woman, but she did not develop mentally along with Dickens, who married her when he was very young, and hardly knew his own mind.

He Still Lives.

A Nebraska subscriber writes to inquire if there is another weekly published in this burg. There is. We have a chattel mortgage on everything but the red-headed, cross-eyed, lop-shouldered coyote who edits it, and can close him up at any minute; but we let him run on in order to keep him off the town. We rather like his audacity as well. He prints 180 copies, none of which can be read on account of the poor press-work, and yet he claims the largest circulation in the known world. He knows we own the very chair he sits in, but yet he devotes four columns each week to abusing us personally.

Yes, he still lives, poor old unfortunate. But we are going to give him rope for the winter. If he was bounced out he might have to run for the legislature.—Arizona Kicker.

Still at the Old Stand.

The big Lick telescope, the largest in the world, has caught on to some distant stars not to be seen by the ordinary telescope, but it hasn't revealed the landscape of the moon, or discovered anything startling about the make-up of Old Sol. Sol & Luna are still doing business at the old stand, where all customers will be promptly attended to.

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By REV. HARVEY JOHNSON, D. D., of Baltimore, Md. This little volume contains sermons and the celebrated paper on the Hamite. Send 25c to The Freeman and secure a copy.

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PROPOSALS FOR FUEL.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners of Marion county, State of Indiana, will, on and prior to 12 o'clock m. of the 4th day of December, 1889, receive sealed bids to be opened on that day, for furnishing coal for heating and steam purposes for the County Asylum and for the poor of Center township.

The bids must be for each institution seperately, and each bidder must file a bond in the sum of 3,000, conditioned that he or they will comply with their bid or bids if accepted and contract awarded.

The contract will be for one year from December 4th, 1889.

Coal for the County Asylum will be delivered in the car in car lots on railroad switch at the Central Indiana Hospital for Insane, and the coal for the poor of Center township must be delivered as required upon the order of the Trustee of Center township.

All coal furnished must be of the best quality.

Bidders must state the particular kind of coal they propose to furnish, and the price of each kind.

In the event that the Board of Commissioners should desire to use natural gas for heating purposes at the County Asylum, the Board reserves the right to terminate the contract for coal at said institution at their option upon giving the contractor or contractors sixty (60) days' notice.

The Board reserves the order to eject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Commissioners.

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TO THE COLORED WRITERS OF THE COUNTRY.

We are preparing our mammoth Holiday edition, and we solicit poems, short stories and sketches. We will pay for what we use and return all rejected manuscripts. The articles will he highly illustrated. Our aim will be to make the best showing of the Negro literati of the country. Send in your matter as soon as possible.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

We are now preparing for the holiday edition of The Freeman, in which we shall aim to excell all previous numbers. There will be original poems and stories written and illustrated wholly by Negro talent, cartoons and colored portraits will also be a feature of this number. Every feature will be original and new even to a new heading and dress. Delinquent subscribers and agents should pay up so as not to miss this issue.

THE sketch of M, M. Holland will appear in our next issue.

You can not afford to miss the next issue of The Freeman.

"THE colored Press" will be the caption of the leading cartoon in the next issue of The Freeman. If your subscription has expired you had better renew, or you may miss it.

THERE is now a question as to what the proposed new league shall be called. The Washington Bee suggests that it be called the Civil Rights League, in order not to discriminate against the whites. There is nothing in a name, gentlemen; "that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet."

THIS has been a great year for Christs and mineral water and faith cures and Christian science and life elixirs, and blooming idiots who suck it all in. It has been a dull week that some new scheme of terrestrial or celestial salvation has not developed. What the coming year may have in store for us in this respect we await with interest.

EDITOR John Mitchell, of the Richmond Virginia Planet has again distinguished himself. This time in having the sentence of a fifteen-year-old colored boy changed from hanging to twenty years in prison. Mr. Mitchell though a struggling journalist spent his time and money in defense of this boy. He gave a full account of the case in the last issue of the Planet together with cuts of the boy, the gallows, jail, hangman's cap and coffin. All honor to John Mitchell.

The color line is again cutting a wide swarth in the circle of sensitive people in this country. This time it is in the Grand Army circles of Massachussetts. Old soldiers who ought to know better, who boast of their patriotism and who meet annually to renew their allegiances to the union, object to their brethern in black who fought for the same union and followed the same stars and stripes. If people people of enlightened Massachusetts discriminate against colored men what more can we expect of the rowdy west and unregenerated South. Verily there is works for the missionary.

THE Eastern newspapers are beginning to recognize Negro talent on their staff, and some of the leading New York and Boston dailies have regular salaried writers. The New York Sun gave regular employment to T. Thomas Fortune as an all round writer, and the Boston Beacon, Herald and Globe give regular employment to colored writers. These writers do not contribute "the colored columns," as is done in the South and West, but contribute matter which is accepted or rejected on its merits. This is another avenue by which educated young men and women can attain eminence, and there is no surer way of shaping and educating public sentiment than through the columns of first-class white newspapers.

THE editor of The American Citizen at Birmingham, Ala., wants to know the politics of the editor of The Freeman. To be brief, we have no politics. Our politics is the welfare and advancement of the Negro. We commend the good, and condemn the bad in all parties, and do not measure a man's worth according to his political persuasion. Politics is and has been the bane to the progress of the Negro, and the sooner he eliminates this all-absorbing ingredient from his anatomy, the better it will be for him. We believe the Negro should divide politically on economic and industrial questions, and should cease to follow the rush lights and sophistries of anti-bellum days. Now what is your politics, Mr. Citizen?

OUR JOURNALISTS AND LITERARY FOLKS.

Some years ago a colored boy entered Yale College. He was a son of one of the janitors. For a seat mate he had a son of one of the prominent men of the State, for the scholars in the first year were seated alphabetically, a similarity of names thus bringing these two lads together. At the end of the term the father of the white boy wrote to the faculty asking that his son might be placed in another seat, as the contiguity of the colored youth was unpleasant. The faculty replied, and said that the two young men would be separated, and this would have been done without any interposition from the father, kecause at the next term the scholars were arranged according to ability, and the colored boy by that classification would go to the head of the first division, while the white boy would go to the end of the last. This colored youth graduated afterward among the very first in his class, but he has found it harder work to get along in the world than he did to display his ability even in such a trying place as Yale College.

The new artist on The Freeman is a big improvement on his predecessor, and the appearance of the cartoons, cuts and portraits does not lead one to presume that they were hewn out with a broad axe. We wish our enterprising contemporary every success, and as one of the ways to secure success is to be worthy of it, we hope The Freeman will get it that way. The last issue was very creditable every way and we hope the good work will continue. —The Appeal.

These be noble words. Of the one hundred or more colored newspapers published by colored men, the Appeal alone recognized the superior work of our new artist, while nearly all of them reproduced the lie which emanated from our local contemporary. There is a lack of fairness on the part of the colored press which must be remedied before it can reach the goal to which it aspires. Be honorable, gentlemen of the press, and give honor to whom it is due.

Colored men from many States residing in Washington, permanently or temporarily, have issued a call for a National Convention to be held at Washington the first Monday in February, 1890. The call is issued by authority of the Central Bureau of Relief of the District of Columbia, of which Col, Perry H. Carson is President.

The following colored men were elected to the Legislature on Tuesday, in spite of Democratic fraud: Henry Johnson, Amelia; Ross Hamilton, Mecklenburg; W. G. L. Wyatt, Sussex; James A. Fields, Warwick. The last Legislature contained seven colored men.—Petersburg Lancet.

I have been engaged as an educator all my life, and if called upon to pick out three of the best students I have had, one would be a colored man.—Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust.

New colored newspapers are springing up all over the country like mushrooms, and like the mushroom they are here but for a season.

I am now preparing to do what no American Negro has ever done for his people. I shall show the Anglo-American that a Negro can be brave.—Recorder Townsend.

The Beaumont (Tex.) Recorder is a snivelling sheet. The way it purloins matter and refuses to credit it, is wonderful, indeed.

Miss Ella Jackson, a teacher of Washington, D. C., is in New York studying art.

A. H. Grimke is on the Boston Herald staff as a special writer.

NEGRO EQUALITY NOT A MYTH.

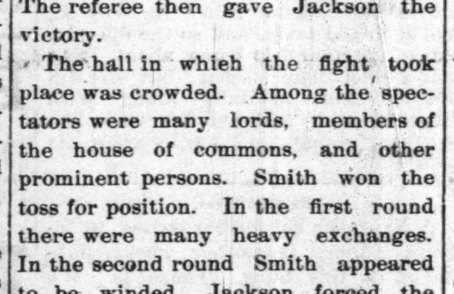
[See articles, "He met Harry Williams in Paris" and "Jem Smith defeated in London.]

JEM SMITH DEFEATED.

Pete Jackson Outfights the Englishman, Who Loses His Temper and Fouls.

The fight between Pete Jackson, the colored Australian pugilist, and Jem Smith, the English champion, took place at the Pelican club, as arranged. The fight was for a purse of £1,000, subscribed by members of the club. Jackson outfought Smith for two rounds, whereupon the English fighter deliberately cross-buttocked Jackson. The referee then gave Jackson the victory.

The hall in which the fight took place was crowded. Among the spectators were many lords, members of the house of commons, and other prominent persons. Smith won the toss for position. In the first round there were many heavy exchanges. In the second round Smith appeared to be winded. Jackson forced the fighting and knocked the English champion all over the ring. Falling against the ring ropes Smith grasped a rope with his right hand and guarded himself with his left. Finally he made a rush and threw Jackson. Smith tried to resume the fight with bare knuckles. The police seized him and persuaded him to shake hands with his antagonist. Smith was beaten at all points. He has lost many friends by his display of temper, and his claims to being in champion "form" are exploded.



MISS KATIE D. CHAPMAN,
Poetess and Literatuer, Yankton, Dakota.

THE GADSDEN, ALA., NEWS.

What the Negro is Doing and Why He Does Not Emigrate.

Gadsden, Ala., Special.

Since the appearance of The Freeman in this community many of its readers here have wanted its readers elsewhere to know something of us. Gadsden is the county seat of Etawah, situated on Coosa river, which rolls its muddy waters on to mingle with its companion, the Tallapoosa. But ere the Coosa leaves us it gives two iron furnaces and several steam mills, etc., enough water to keep hundreds of men at work. We have three railroads, viz: Roan & Decatur, Anniston & Cincinnati, T. & C., all of which at times are kept busy hauling new cars away from the Elliott car works, which furnishes work for several hundred men. The best white people here think kindly of the colored people. Therefore, we are not emigrating as our brothers in Georgia and South Carolina are doing.

The colored people here have three denominations of churches—the C. M. E., the M. E., and the Missionary Baptist. Rev, D. C. Anderson, who is at present very sick, is presiding elder of the C. M. E. church. He reports his church to be in a flourishing condition. His services here seem to be accepted and appreciated by the members and friends of his church. Since Elder Anderson has beeen here he has caused to be erected quite a nice church building, which is valued at $3,000. The Baptist church, whose presiding elder is Rev. Billingsly, has a membership of over one hundred. They have a very nice church building, which must be worth about $3,000. Rev. H. Matthews is presiding elder of the M. E. church. They have a nice little church edifice valued at $2,155, and a membership of one hundred and one.

There has been five secret societies here. The Odd Fellows, Masons and benevolence seemingly are the only seeret societies that are doing much. There is to be organized here soon another secret society, viz.: the "Universal Brotherhood." Mr. A. B. Gregory, the State organizer, will be here soon to "set up" the U. B.

All the Sunday Schools here are in a flourishing condition.

The city colored school here, under the principalship of L. S. Wilson, is doing great good. Miss L. C. Bradford is also a teacher of the city school.

The Freeman is well spoken of here. In my next letter I shall tell about the wealth of our people here. O. F. G.

A NEW SOURCE OF POWER.

BY PRATT KWEER.

Written for The Freeman.

THIS is an utilitarian age. Materials hitherto deemed worthless, by new processes are endowed with great value. Forces hitherto unknown, by man's ever restless reserches are almost daily being brought to do him service. From the bowels of the earth come gases distilled in retorts unseen to do his bidding. By electric aid the tram car speeds along the iron rails, and by the same unseen power we are enabled to talk beneath the waves to continents and far-off isles beyond the sea. Pulverized coal, heretofore cast aside as utterly worthless, and deemed a drawback to the profits of the barons of the mines, is now made to smelt iron at a cost so trifling as to displace even the natural gas. Such has been the progress of mankind in all the useful arts that it would seem that further advance was impossible and even useless. But I have recently had my attention called to a vast expenditure of mechanical force—an utter waste of inherent energy—which it would seem some inventor would utilize and turn to man's advantage and advancement. Go

where you will, the female portion of the population are chewing, chewing, ever chewing—victims of a habit that generates enough force to run half the street cars and factories in the country if only some system of storage could be devised whereby this waste might be laid up for use, and released at the will of the engineer. To meet this want I have been impelled to devise a machine, a few cuts and description of which are appended herewith.

The machine will be so constructed as to make use of compressed air, an elastic force now used to a large extent and for varied purposes. When this system shall have been perfected, great reservoirs will be constructed at all necessary points in our large cities, which will be connected with the

churches and theatres by pipes, into which the fair sex will at all times be industriously pumping a reserve of power. Portable reservoirs and machines will be fixed in the roof of street cars, and all damsels will be allowed to work their passage, gum to be supplied free of charge. Wheeled vehicles of all kinds will in time be fitted out with reservoirs and the air pump, and gum chewing "angels" will no more pine in vain for an airing because of the pecuniary difficulties of their best young man. Indeed, many of the belles who excel in this useful accomplishment will doubtless be able to keep a carriage of their own and will be in a position to bestow favors in the transportation line, As the possibilities of this device dawn upon me I feel the benignant complacency of a great public benefactor stealing

o'er me, and in fancy hear the grateful prayers of a disenthralled sex wafted to my ears like a benediction. Woman at last will be free from the tyrant man—at last she will have found a mission where she can reign supreme and independent.

(g) Is the girl.
(p) Is the air pump, overhead.
(s) Is the stirrup from the chin to the cord, nicely padded.
(r) Is the reservoir.

"Patent applied for," and I claim novelty
On the girl,
On the reservoir,
On the air pump,
On the cord,
On the stirrup,
On the manner of applying the cord to the pump,
On the manner of applying the cord to the stirrup,
On the manner of applying the stirrup to the girl,
On the gum, special;
On the process of storage.
On the application of an unused force.

COL. PLEDGER'S CONVENTION.

Negro Education in Georgia—Lawyer Taylor's Success—The Colored Office holders of Atlanta—Pungent Personals.

Atlanta, Ga., Special to The Freeman.

We have in this city two hundred and eighty-seven business places controlled and owned by colored persons.

Col. Pledger's convention, which convened here on the 12th and adjourned on the 13th, elected a State committee to look after the interest of the Negro, and an Afro-American State League. How there could be a State League organized without there being a single solitary subordinate league at the time of the organization is a puzzle which only the late conventionites can solve.

The Morris Brown College bill, which passed the House, favoring the giving of the Atlanta University's $8,000 to said college, failed to find a single advocate in the Senate, hence did not become a law.

Hon. C. H. J. Taylor has three white clients to defend before the December term of our United States Circuit Court—one for "moonshining," one for breaking into a postoffice, and the other for selling whisky without license. Lawyer Taylor has said farewell to politics, and is prospering in his profession.

Dr. J. S. Flipper, the leading Methodist preacher in Georgia, preached a farewell sermon which his congregation demands published. His church congregation numbers at least 2,000.

The following gentlemen hold prominent positions under this administration in our city: Capt. C. C. Wimbish, Surveyor of Customs. Capt. Jackson McHenry, Guard United States Court rooms; Prof. A. Graves, Clerk of United States Construction; Mr. John Blackshear, Clerk in Internal Revenue Office, and Mr. Wimbish, Guard United States Court room. There are also five or six colored men in the postoffice, including our famous Penny; besides, a dozen or more colored men are running into the city, engaged as postal clerks in the railway mail service of the government.

We have two newspapers, the Appeal and the Atlanta News, the former owned and edited by Chas. E. Yarboro, of Little Rock, Arkansas, and the latter by Col. Bill Pledger.

Taking all in all, Atlanta is not so far behind. Here may be seen her lawyer, her doctor, dentists, merchants, college professors and theologians. Surely there are cities of larger size that cannot boast more.

These letters are made short because we understand the value of newspaper space. From time to time we will give you dots. We hope soon to have you publish sketches of our prominent citizens.

Everybody speaks well of The Freeman in this city. Not only do colored men read it, but whites are equally anxious to see what it contains from week to week.

The Freeman can always be found on sale at the splendid tonsorial palace of Mr, H. J. White, the agent being Mr. R. C. Chaires. Mr. Chaires will be pleased to have the citizens inform him, from time to time, of news of general interest. ORPHEUS.

One of the last letters signed by our blessed, lamented Col. Goodloe was Jordan C. Jackson's commission to the position of Storekeeper. The letter, with the illustrious leader's signature, was mailed at 1:30 on Friday, and the olonel was shot just fifteen minutes te rwards. Truly we can say, with tearful eyes, that he was a friend to the colored man till death.—Soldier.

The Theodore Drury Opera Company is still filling dates in New York State.

Miss Ella B. Spencer, reader and dramatist, is filling engagements with the Drury Opera Company.

A great deal had been said to me concerning what has been considered as an act of discrimination at Kieth's Gayiety Opera House, at Providence, R. I., so a few days ago, happening to be in the city, I thought I would call on the local manager, Mr. Wynne. I ound him a jovial gentleman. I detailed to him the purpose of my call, telling him that I did not hear that he refused to sell colored people seats, but made it a business to seat them all together. For instance, if they sat in the parquet, they would all sit in the same row (if room enough), or if in the balcony, the same. I then related to him the average number of colored patrons that frequent his house every week (about 300). He assured me that no act of discrimination had ever been shown toward colord people since he had been manager; that tickets had been handed to colored people just as they run, the same as to whites, and that they would continue to run the house in that way, and your scribe was invited to call and inspect at all times. I have since visited the house several times, and have found colored people treated the same as others. An inattention on the part of employes, if reported at the office, will be attended to immediately.

Many readers who have seen Mestayer's "Tourist in a Pullman Palace Car" will doubtless remember of Hunn and McIntosh playing the part of the two porters part of the season of 1887. They made great hits, and I have often wondered why they severed their connection. A short time since I met one who was musical director at that time. He said that Hunn was making the greatest hit of any one in the company, and that there was one of the comedians who complained that he never could receive any applause, going on to do his "turn" after Hunn, so he was put on first, and Charlie came after, yet received the same amount of applause. This comedian again complained he could get no credit, and Hunn was again changed, and still the complaint. Finally the company disbanded for a time, to reorganize, and the two colored comedians were left out. To-day Hunn is traveling with Gus Hill's "World of Novelties, making the hit of the company.

Green's Minstrels are now playing the smaller towns and cities on the New England circuit.

A letter from a citizen of Kingston, Jamaica, says that the New York Star Concert Company is having a very poor season, and that the citizens are by no means pleased with the company, with the exception of Miss Allen and Mr. Watts.

Col. Nelson Pickett, giant, appeared at the Gaiety Museum, New York, last week.

At the theaters in this city: Week commencing 25th, Grand Opera House, 26, 26, Duff's Opera Company; 28, 29, 30, "Mankind." English's Opera House, 26, 25, Joseph Murphy; 28, 29, 30, "A Tin Soldier." Park Theater, 25-30, "One of the Finest."

Mr. W. Owens King, the popular young humorist, who has been termed the "colored Marshall P. Wilder," is making a success traveling through New York State. We hope to be able to present his cut and sketch to our readers soon.

Probably the finest band in North Carolina is a colored band with Prof. S. R. Richardson, leader, at Newberne. He is also prepared to teach bands.

At Providence, R. I., theatres: Week of 25, Providence Opera House, Rose Coghlan. Gaiety Opera House, "One of the Bravest." Museum, usual line of continuous performances. Musee, Vaudeville. TRAGE.

James Watson, of Oberlin, Ohio, is rejoicing over the fact that he is to receive $2,000 for pension arrears.

THE LEAGUE IN ILLINOIS.

Peoria Pickings—Local and Otherwise.

Peoria, Ill., Special to The Freeman.

The Freeman is a very welcome visitor to our people. Last Tuesday was local election day here. The Republicans elected the Mayor and Treasurer, while the Democrats succeeded in getting a majority in the City Council.

The Fifer Campaign Club is still in working order, and will send a delegate to the meeting of the Afro-American League at Nashville in January, 1890.

H. W. Jamison will leave in a few days for Oakville, Tenn., where he will take charge of the school of that place.

Rev. J. W. Muse, pastor of Zion Baptist church, is conducting a series of meetings this week. May success attend his labors.

Miss Minnie Hayden left last week for her home in Tennessee. She has been visiting her uncle, Thomas Hayden.

Rev. T. A. Clark is in Bloomington this week, attending district conference.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. E. Hagan, leading basso of the Ward Chapel choir, to Miss Florence Smith, youngest daughter of J. B. Smith, our most popular politician, Nov. 20th.

Peoria is one of the most beautiful cities of the State, has a population of 50,000. There is a church for every 800 persons, and a saloon for every 1,200. The colored people are above the average for education and sobriety. While they do not represent a great deal of wealth, they have two churches, an Odd Fellows' lodge and Masonic order, also three or four female orders.

Thomas Hayden the barber, is our energetic business man. He is doing a good business at his stand on Fulton street.

THE PINE BLUFF LITERARIES

Pine Bluff (Ark.) Special to The Freeman.

The Junior Literary Society of Branch Normal College reorganized last week and elected officers for the first quarter as follows:

President, A. W. Patterson; Vice President, J. C. Young; Secretary, Miss Emma Arrington; Assistant Secretary, Miss Elsie Demory; Treasurer, Miss Sophronia James; Corresponding Secretary, R. W. Patterson; Chaplain, S. W. Brown; Editor, J. W. Kitchen; Organist, Miss Emma Arrington; Assistant Organist, Miss Elsie Demory.

The Branch Normal Senior Literary Society also met and was called to order by President B. J. Brown, and the following programme was rendered:

Song, "Bringing in the Sheaves"....Choir
Oration....J. W. Miller
Recitation............"Wonderful Story," Miss Cassie Sneel.
Recitation..............."He Leadeth Me," Miss Z. P. Patterson
Select Reading......."The South Again," J. T. C. Chambly
Oration, "Power of Influence,".J. Walters
Song, "Whiter Than Snow,"....Choir
Recitation, "Last Hymn,".MissL Chatman
Oration, "One Should Devote His Lifetime to His Profession."
Song, "Draw Me Nearer,"..........Choir

THE PROVIDENCE LETTER.

The Freeman—Entertainments—Etc

Providence (R. I.) Special to The Freeman

The amusement season has opened up here very brilliantly. Entertainments are held almost nightly.

Providence is the second city in population in New England, having about 140,000 inhabitants. 2,600 of this number being colored. For this small number of people there are ten colored churches, and yet not a literarp society.

There is a move on foot to start a league here. Such a movement should be pushed.

I know of no place that surpasses Providence for colored people as theater goers. There are two theaters here and two dime museums, and each receives a liberal amount of colored patronage.

Mr. John Barnett, who has been employed at Spink's Dancing Academy for several years, has opened a dancing school for colored ladies and gentlemen. Classes are held on each Friday evening at Armory Hall. Those desirous of becoming easy and graceful dancers will now have an opportunity.

The Freeman has been received here for only a short time, but its number of readers is probably far ahead of all other colored journals that reach this city and is on the increase every week.

The Twilight Banjo and Guitar Quartette will give a private supper on the night of the 27th. They will attempt to eclipse all affairs of the kind ever given in this city.

LIGHT FOOT.

Uncle Yamp: Gun Wa! I've seen those air panerrammers afore, but I reckon if this Gun Wars a revolution or civil war.

Atlanta has two hundred and eighty colored citizens doing business in various lines, owned and conducted exclvsively by Negroes: Merchant (grocers), seventy-two; dressmakers, twelve; barbers, twenty-five; boarding houses, six; blacksmiths, twenty; shoemakers, fifty-five; coal and wood dealers, eleven; contractors, three; dentists, two; dyers of clothes, three; furniture dealers, one; furniture repairers, four; meat markets, eight; millinery, one; physicians, two; picture frame manufacturing, one; merchant tailors, four; practical tailors, four; undertakers, three; churches, twenty-four, restaurants, nineteen; public halls, one, newspapers, two.

Pete Jackson whipped Jem Smith, England's champion pugilist, in two rounds last week Wednesday evening in London. Geo. Godfrey, the Boston heavy-weight, whipped Jack Aston last Thursday evening, at the Hub. The third Afro-American victor in two weeks is Geo. Allen, who whipped Louis, the Belgian, in a forty-eight round fight in Indiana. He fought forty-six rounds with a broken wrist. Jackson won $5,000; Godfrey, $1,000, and Allen, $500.

The seventh annual opening of the Gammon Theological Seminary, of Atlanta, Ga., took place Nov. 7th, before a large and appreciative audience. Rev. E. W. S. Hammond, of Covington, Ky., one of the most eloquent men in the country, delivered the opening address.

Weaks Armstrong, the bright young colored postmaster at Rocky Mount N. C., is giving general satisfaction to the patrons of that office.

Mr. Augustus C. Wormley, of Boston, Mass., is a young elocutionist and dramatic reader of considerable ability and much promise.

Mr. Frank B. Jones, a colored artist of Atlanta, Ga., was awarded a premium at the exposition recently held there.

A DIFFICULT SHOT.

Party in distance: Did you hit, Bill?

Raw Crackshot: No! you don't suppose I could hit any thing a mile off o you?

LOCAL NEWS.

If you fail to receive The Freeman please notify the office.

A benefit will be tendered Jas. W. Higginson on Nov. 26 at Lyra Hall.

Mr. Wm. Bazil is agent for the Philadelphia Dye House, 6 W. Market St.

Rev. C. C. Wilson, the popular pastor of Tabernacle Baptist church is on the sick list.

The New Bethel literary society will hold its meeting every Wednesday evening.

Miss Kate Mann passed the civil service examination for a clerical position at Washington, D. C.

The "Central Literary" was organized at the Second Baptist church last Wednesday evening. Particulars will be given next week.

Mr. G. L. Glenwood has purchased the Bee Line barber shop, cor. of Washington and Ill. Sts., and has fitted it up in good style with a good corps of workmen.

"Past the Age" the new colored dramatic company has returned to the city "disfigured and out of the ring." It is now in order for The World to write an obituary.

The Tabernacle Baptist church gave a grand, prize entertainment last week for their benefit. There was a large attendance, a good program, and $60.00 was realized for the church.

Their will be no literary meeting of the Douglas next Monday eve, owing to its members making extensive preparations to combine with the church in their grand Thanksgiving entertainment. G. L. KNOX, Pres.

An adieu party was tendered Dr. Jas. B. Elbert, by the young people of the city last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. Edward E. Cooper, 518 N. West St. Dr. Elbert left last Wednesday morning for Memphis, Tenn., to practice medicine, and this soiree was given as a token of his many friends, Prof. Geo. W. Dawson furnished the music.

DANIA

Building and Loan Association. Third series just opened. Subscribe at once; no back dues; don't put it off. This association gives the best inducement to its members, and is absolutely safe to invest in. Shares are $300. Weekly dues only 50c. Investigate this. Ask your neighbors about it.

WHILE the man who swings off the gallows has invariably undergone a moral preparation which enables him to state that he is going to glory, this is not the case with the usual victim of a lynching party. Its members are usually rough and unfeeling men, without any religious inclinations, and they string up their victim in the full blossom of his sins without any regard for the salvation of his soul. A man may have other reasons for disliking to be lynched, but lack of religious preparation is undoubtedly a strong objection to the process.

MISANTHROPIC.

How Burdette Became a Victim of Misplaced Confidence.

A week or two since, says Bob Burdette, I was thundering along through the miles of exquisite landscape gardening that mark the suburbs of Philadelphia. A young gentleman sitting just in front of me left the train at a local station, and just as we started again half a dozen female voices shrilled out upon the startled air: "Oh! Oh! Oh! That-young-man-has-left-his-umbrella! He'll-never-see-it-again! Call-him-quick! Oh! Throw-it-out-to-him-do-*do*-DO-throw-that-young-man-his-umbrella!" And as they pointed at the young man and shrieked at me I hastily raised the window, the powers of darkness assisting me, yelled at the young man and, hurled the umbrella at him, like a javalin, and we were gone.

In about two minutes a young man two stories and a mansard taller than any member of my whole family came down the aisle of that car with a darkened brow, and looked long and earnestly into the vacant seat, whence I had just fired a silk umbrella with a hammered silver head. He looked under the seat and then he looked into the rack. Then he looked at me. I didn't look up, but I felt his eyes go clear through me as I gazed fixedly out of the window and tried hard to think of the form of prayer to be used by a man who expects to spend the rest of the winter in a hospital. Before I could remember it the athletic-looking stranger said kindly but very firmly: "I left an umbrella in this seat a few minutes ago." For one moment the ghastliest silence you ever heard settled down on that car, and then those shrieking women giggled as though it were a light thing to die when you had a return ticket in your pocket that would be wasted. I tried to tell the stranger that the young man who was sitting in the seat took it with him, but I thought I had done enough wickedness and folly for one trip. I owned up and told him the truth. He was a magnanimus man and he spared me. But it was a moment of agony, and to-day there are white hairs on the back of my head that I never saw before, and I never pass through Merion station without a shudder. And I never again will offer to extend the slightest helpful courtesy to a stranger. No; if a train should jump off a bridge 4,000 feet into a cataract fiercer than 10,000 Niagaras I wouldn't offer to hold a lone woman's baby and get her hand bag out of the rack for her, while she put on her gossamer and hunted for her lost check in case she wanted her baggage when we got to the bottom.

How Some Girls Walk.

Why is it that you young ladies do not know how to walk? Look! here comes one with her head pitched forward, her hands swinging ungracefully by her side, her feet scuffling the walk, and altogether presenting an appearance quite unbecoming one of America's lovely daughters, charming in all else, perhaps, but oh, such a gait! The next one starts with a jerk, her feet and lower part of her body having started on a race with her head to see which will get there first. The consequence is for every step forward she comes part way back with a jerk.

Her sister follows, twitching ungracefully from side to side, rolling from one foot to the other like a sailor in mid-ocean, only he has some excuse, and she has not. The arms usually follow, but in opposite directions. The body of the next one makes a perfect bow, bent back, head forward and feet try to catch up. Not one with the firm, graceful step, erect head, straight shoulders, easy arms and hands to be acquired by sufficient determination to present a dignified carriage. When will deportment be taught in our schools?—Kingston Freeman.

Wretched Russia.

After a trial of a quarter of a century the emancipation act is acknowledged to have utterly failed. The reports of Russian officials, of statistical professors at Moscow, such as Jansen and the Nihilists, with Stepniak at their head, all alike agree that the misery of the rur l class is greater than even in the days of serfdom; cultivation is at the lowest ebb, the yield wretched and less than in any other European country.

Agriculture is a business requiring capital, knowledge and a sufficient amount of land to enable different crops to be grown, so that if one fails it does not mean starvation, for another may succeed. The Russian peasant has none of these qualifications. The peasant proprietors can neither pay the money owing to the government for their land, nor even the state and communal taxes, and are flogged by hundreds for non-payment. In one district of Novgorod 1,500 peasants were thus condemned in 18°7. Five hundred and fifty had already been flogged, when the inspector interceded for the remainder.

How She Counts Her Children.

A Philadelphia woman who attended a reception given to George Macdonald, the English novelist, when in this country, tells of a queer fad indulged in by the author's wife. The latter wore, wherever she went, a belt from which dangled what appeared to be a number of golden balls. During a conversation with the novelist the Philadelphian happened to ask how many children he had.

"One the wrong side of twelve," was his answer.

"I suppose you mean thirteen?"

"No, madame; I have only eleven."

Then Mr. Macdonald called his wife, who opened the golden balls (which proved to be lockets) and showed the photographs of all her children.—New York Herald.

To Prevent Malaria.

Strangers traveling through or sojourning in districts known to be abounding in malarial fevers and ague should dress in flannel clothing, avoid raw fruits, open-air bathing and night air, and drink tea and coffee, or only water that has been previously boiled. —Medical Classics.

FROM THE NORTH POLE.

Chat With Lieut. Schwatka, the Eminent Artic Explorer.

Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, the famous artic traveler, resides on Michigan avenue, Chicago, in one of the few unostentatious but very cozy and comfortable homes of the aristocratic thoroughfare. He has in years just arrived at that interesting period where the young man imperceptibly passes into middle age.

"Lieutenant, how did you become an arctic explorer?" asked a Chicago Herald reporter of the explorer.

An amused smile played around the expressive mouth as he replied: "That is a long tale, or a short one, as you like it. Briefly speaking, the venturesome in my nature came to the surface on account of the very dullness of my surroundings while I was serving in the army. I was stationed at the Spotted Tail Agency on the Upper Missouri. The smaller frontier posts had been contracted to the larger garrisons, and with this consolidations disappeared much of the exciting side of the service. Not but that there was a good deal of hard riding to do—I figured up once that I made 8,000 miles in the saddle, 2,600 in one year. Why, when I was only three years old my parents took me across the plains to Oregon, where they settled. As a boy I roamed all over Idaho, Oregon and British Columbia, and when I received my appointment for West Point I reached the academy by way of Canada. Then came the army life with its transfers from post to post, and when I happened to read about an expedition to the arctics in search of the remains of the Sir John Franklin exploring party, it struck me that I should like to go."

Lieutenant Schwatka, by the way, is an Illinois boy. He was appointed West Point cadet from Oregon in 1867 and served in the army until Feb. 1, 1885, when he resigned.

This famous arctic trip falls in this period. Judge Daly, president of the New York Geographical Society, and others had started a popular subscription to raise funds for an exploring party to follow on the trail of Sir John Franklin, who was lost with his entire following in an expedition to discover the Northwest passage. The record which contained the end of this expedition was written upon one of the blanks supplied by the British admiralty to surveying vessels, to be thrown overboard after the required data had been filled in. But upon the margins around the printed form was an addendum, dated April 25, 1848, which extinguished all hopes of a successful termination of the grand enterprise. The terse and expressive words of the record were:

APRIL 25, 1848.—H. M. ships Terror and Erebus were deserted on 22d April, five leagues N. N. W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69 deg. 37 min. 42 sec. N., long. 91 deg. 41 min. W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men.

A briefer record has never been told of so tragic a story. It is all that is known of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave men. Some remnants were found in the shape of records antedeting those quoted and of bleached bones of human beings.

Lieutenant Schwatka found some of them along King William's Land and north of Black's Fish River. The expedition left New York June 19, 1878, and arrived in Hudson Bay Aug. 8, where the party disembarked. They remained during the winter with the Esquimaux in snow houses and began their memorable sledge trip of eleven months and twenty days April 1, 1879. In the party were four white men and seventeen Esquimaux westward, and four more Esquimaux eastward, and three sledges drawn by forty-five dogs. Inasmuch as the sledges were only used for the transportation of supplies, the men walked the entire distance of 3,251 miles.

Paris and London Ways.

In the streets French traffic all goes to the right; London coachmen drive always to the left. Parisians live together in large houses like barracks; Londoners have one family in a house. They have a latchkey; the Frenchman a concierge. Paris has its cafes, London its clubs. Parisian beds are up in an alcove in the wall; Londoners sleep in the middle of the room. London takes three or four meals a day; Paris two. Paris dines; London eats. Paris loaves are long; London loaves are square. Paris drinks wine; London beer. Paris takes coffee; London tea. Frenchmen, while dining, talk to their neighbors and enjoy each other's society; Britons sit alone at table and don't say much, but enjoy their food. London workmen work in their ordinary clothes, call each other "mate," smoke clay pipes and punch each other's heads occasionally; Parisian workmen do their business in blouses, call their friends "citizens" or "sir," smoke cigaretts, take their hats off to each other, and do their fighting with their feet.

Alum in Bread.

Alum owes its power of blanching the paste of bread not to alumina which it contains or to the combination of this earth with the gluten, but to the sulphuric acid liberated by the formation of aluminum albuminate. According to Nothnagel and Rosenbach, the prolonged daily use of alum in proportion of 0.05 to 0.1 grm. occasions gastric disturbances not unimportant. The author finds that the artificial gastric digestion of alumed bread effects the solution of all the alum present. Hence it is possible that a quantity of alumina equivalent to 0.20 grm. of alum may enter the circulation daily.

Then It Stopped.

A queer old codger in a town in Rhode Island drew his $28,000 out of a local bank because he dreamed that the bank was going to bust. A large crowd assembled to guy him and call him a crank, but he drew it out just the same. Next day the bank went sky-high, and the way the folks stopped laughing produced an awful silence for ten miles around.

SUGAR CURED HAMS.

From a Razor Back Hog to a Ham Sandwich.

The history and mystery of a ham sandwich is something that has seldom been run down, few of those indulging in that picnic and noonday luxury realizing the intimate relations existing between that element of the sandwich so emphatically and invariably in the minority, and the propelling power of the frisky razor-back piglet which forms one of the principal resources of an Indiana farmer.

The sugar cured ham is to-day one of the choicest items on a bill of fare and the man who can not appreciate the luxury—for it is a luxury both in flavor and price—of nicely fried or boiled sugar cured ham, is hard to please.

The ham makes its first appearance in a clean—the muddier it is the cleaner—pen on a farm, in the shape of a little suckling piglet. We next find him chasing down the lane on a dead run in response to the welcome cry of "s'woy! s'woy! s'woy!" and on the alacrity and frequency of this decidedly invigorating exercise, depends the date of his sacrifice to the appetite of man.

We next find him a big lazy porker, undergoing a "mocking" process in the stock pen at the nearest railway or steamboat station, preparatory to being loaded into a crowded freight car. A day or two later, hungry and disgusted he landed, with a large number of his companions in misery, at the stock yards in the city. Just what transpires on the outside he doesn't know, but what is—or is not—transpiring on the inside is of paramount importance to his pigship. Three days on limited rations is something not in keeping with his dietary training, and the matters of his future career and his mission on earth, are of secondary importance to him.

He is next found en route for a butchers' pen in the rear of a big packing house, whence he is driven into a smaller one known as a knocking pen where he suddenly lapses into a comatose state which he never recovers, in consequence of being struck between the eyes with the poll of an ax wielded by a herculean butcher. His body is dragged into the sticking pen where by a skillful plunge another butcher thrusts a long keen edged knife between the fore legs directly under the throat, the heart is punctured and five minutes later the bloodless carcass is slid into a tub of scalding water where it remains ten minutes and is then lifted out onto a scraping bench, where by means of a scraping and shaving process it is deprived of every vestige of bristles. It is then turned over to the "gutter," who, having it up by the hind legs, proceed skillfully to cut open the belly and remove the intestines, loosen the kidney fat and cut off the head. The carcass, thus dressed, is at once removed to a cooling room, where it is hung up for twelve to eighteen hours to effect the withdrawal of every particle of animal heat. When thoroughly cooled the hog undergoes a process of dissection, the various parts being sent to the departments of the establishment devoted to their special treatment.

The hams or hind quarters—which constitute that portion of the hog's anatomy located at the extreme southeast and southwest points—are taken to the packing-house. Here they undergo a second cooling process after which they are placed in a sweetened brine composed of water, salt and sugar, and are required to undergo a pickling or curing process. The period of their sojourn in this brine depends on the size of the ham, a small one being thoroughly cured in thirty days, while the large ones frequently require ninety days.

On being removed from the brine the hams are at once hung up in the smoke-house, where for three to five days they are subjected to the influence of a strong smoke of dry wood and frequently corn cobs, so smothered as to intensify the volume and strength of the smoke. After being smoked each ham is tested by an expert, who determines whether or not the ham has been spoiled in pickling. This he does by plunging a "sticker," a steel instrument like an ice pick, into the ham, and smelling it. In the pickling process a great many hams spoil, particularly in warm and changeable weather, when as high as ten per cent are lost.

After the quality of the ham is determined it is canvased by wrapping in paper and covering securely with muslin, over which is painted a thick coat of yellow ochre and flour. In this condition a ham can be kept sweet and sound for almost any length of time.

The process of converting the hog into ham requires about fifty to seventy days from the time he is struck on the head.

Our Babies' Chances.

Of the babies born during the present year, how many will probably live to be over 100 years old?

A recent article on the subject says: Take your pencil and follow me while we figure on what will happen to the 1,000,000 of babies that have been born in the last 1,000,000 seconds. I believe that is about the average—"one every time the clock ticks." On the 1st day of October, 1890, if the statistics don't belie us, we will have lost 150,000 of these little "prides of the household." A year later, 53,000 more will be keeping company with those which have gone before. At the end of the third year we find that 22,000 more have dropped by the wayside. The fourth year they have become rugged little darlings, not nearly so susceptible to to infantile diseases, only 8,000 having succumbed to the rigors imposed by the Master. By the time they have arrived at the age of 12 years, but a paltry few hundred leave the track each year.

Calling a Boy Up in the Morning.

If you want your boy to get up by eight o'clock you will be obliged to commence operating on him by six. A boy never begins to sleep in earnest until it is time to get up. Over night, you must tell him that it is absolutely essential to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that he should get up by eight o clock, and make him understand that his honor is at stake.

Then set the alarm clock right by his head, and wind it clear up, so that when it goes off at seven, next morning the whole neighborhood will hear it, and think there is a fire somewhere.

In the morning, after you have cleared your throat, you can begin to call your boy. The earlier you start out at it the more vocal exercise you will get.

When you have yelled up the stairway all you feel that you can, go up stairs, and fire away at him from the hall. Then, cheered and inspired to fresh efforts by his resounding snore, open his chamber door and shake him, and poke him up, as the keeper does the animals at the menagerie. If you work with a will, and your hands are moderately cold, you will probably, at the end of half an hour's hard work, elicit the sleepy inquiry:

"What's wanted! Who's—a—wanting me—to—to get up this time of night?"

He is an early riser when he so wills it, but on other occasions you might as well try to wake up the sentinel on the Soldier's monument on your village common.

And his mother will excuse him, and tell her next door neighbor whose boys are all girls, that poor Willie works so hard at school, and grows so fast, that he needs all the sleep he can get, and it seems to be a shame to wake him up to eat breakfast with the family.

And so Willie is left in bed till he sees fit to get out of it, and the breakfast-table stands, and the kitchen girl's temper is spoiled, and so are the muffins and the baked potatoes; and when Willie grows up and gets a family of his own, he will try his wife's temper, and he will set the bad example of unpunctuality to his children.

So, therefore, we say to him: "Willie, get up the first time you are called."—New York Weekly.

A Boy's Essay on Girls.

Girls is grate on making bleeve. She will make bleeve a dol is a live baby. She will make bleeve she is orfull sweet on another girl or a feller, if they come to see her, and when they are gone she will say, "Horrid old thing!"

Girls is olways folling a feller. She can't lick yer so she gets the best of yer that way.

If yer don't do what a girl tells yer, she says yer horrid. I drather be horrid than be soft. If you do what a girl tells you, you will do all sorts of foolish things.

Girls can be good in school every day if they feel like it. I shud think they would git tired and have to do sumthing wonse in a while; I know a feller does. Girls say fellers acts orfull, but when a girl gits a-going it she acts orfler than any feller durst. They don't care for nuthing.

If a girl wants a feller to carry her books home, she ain't satisfied unless she gits the same feller the other girls want, whether she likes him or not.

Girls is grate on having secrets. I mean, telling secrets. They make a secret out of nuthing at all, and then tell it round to all the other girls, orful quiet, just as if it was sumthing dredfull. I bleeve a girl likes to make bleve they are doing sumthing dredfull.

Girls olways gits their joggerfry lessons better than a feller, but if they are going anywhere they don't know their way a bit, and they are sure to git lost.

If two fellers has a fite, the girls all go for the feller what licks, no matter whether he is good for anything else or not.

If a girl don't feel like doing a thing, you can't make her, no matter whether she had orter or not. If she won't she won't, and she will git out of it somehow. That is all I kno about girls this time.—Yankee Blade.

Cranks on Teeth.

Half the people who have occasion for the services of a dentist have hobbies about their teeth, or queer notions about dentistry. Nearly every one who leaves an order for false teeth instructs the dentist to furnish them with small ones that are a clear white and without a tinge of color. This, dental experts say, is a wrong idea. The size of the teeth should be regulated by the natural ones, and the color by the complexion of the person. People with a dark complexion should have teeth with a bluish cast.

Dr. Ross Bryte, in a talk with a Pittsburg Commercial Gazette reporter, told of some peculiar people he had met in his professional capacity.

A certain society belle had a beautiful set of teeth which nature had given her, but they were a trifle large to suit her shapely mouth, she thought. She went to her dentist and ordered him to extract them all. He at first refused to do so, as he thought it a great wrong to destroy handsome incisors. She insisted, and the destist decided to humor her. After she had had her teeth all drawn she ordered a set of small ones, which were entirely unsuitable for her.

Di mond setting in teeth, Dr. Bryte says, is the height of folly. Diamonds, to show their brilliance, must have light, and when they are set in teeth they are as dull as a piece of glass.

A Modest Policeman.

A young couple were arrested in New York for kissing each other on the public street. That was all they did. The policeman, whose name is Kearns, was so shocked that he ran them in, but the justice discharged them at once, smiling contemptuously at the policeman, who possibly would shudder to speak of a dog's pants, or tremble at the disgusting indecency of trees when stripped of their leaves. We may expect to read that some journalist has been arrested for stripping literary articles of their verbiage.—Siftings.

In Chicago.

"Why, my dear Mrs. de Jones, I haven't seen you for a year. How have you been? And how is your dear daughter Emily?"

"Emily is very well."

"And is she still married to Mr. Henderson?"

DIFFERING VIEWS OF DEATH.

The Pagan Wants the End to Come Suddenly.

It is an interesting inquiry why civilized man has for so long a time manifested a horror of sudden death, says the New York Tribune. The pagans knew no such feeling, but, on the contrary, they prayed for the mode of death which to christians has appeared so dreadful that they have formulated special petitions for protection from it. This fear and repugnance are certainly not grounded in experience or reason, nor can they be said to represent an altruistic sentiment. For it is indisputable that, so far as the subject is concerned, a swift and painless death is preferable to that which comes at the close of lingering illness and much physical suffering. Nor can there be found any support in philosophy for the apprehension of sudden and instantaneous death, for it is clear that such a taking-off does away with all the fearful looking forward, the agonizing anticipations, the morbid and gloomy thoughts, which beset the sufferer who journeys slowly toward the Valley of the Shadow.

Speaking in the freedom of private conversation, many persons are heard to express the thought that they would prefer this form of death to any other for themselves. Curiously enough, they fail to apply what is a natural sentiment with them to the cases of others, and when a relative or friend is laid on a bed of suffering the majority would think it shockingly inhuman to wish for their speedy deliverance. Evidently the fundamental idea here is that life under any conditions is better than death. But upon what view of death does this idea depend? Surely not upon the christian view. In effect the whole way of thinking represented is pagan. That which it so shrunk from is the most material and unspiritual of visions. To die, from this point of view, is "to lie in cold obstruction and to rot," and all the time to be conscious of what is going on. The ancients looked at death with the eyes of the dying, and not from the position of the survivors. Tears and grief for these there must be; but the sorrow which pictured the departer as a gainer by his removal was less likely to endure than that which virtually, and despite conventional fictions or belief, regards the dead as not only gone forever from the rays of the sun, but are relegated to some vague and misty form of existence beyond comprehension and realization, and therefore useless for consolation, stimulus or hope.

Making a Statue.

When the artist has conceived in his mind a fairly definite idea for a statue, he sets about his business in the following manner. He takes a piece of board about as large as an octavo book, and upon this he sets up a miniature for his intended statue in modeling wax or else soft clay. This "sketch," as it is called, or design, which is usually from six to ten inches high, he builds up bit by bit, manipulating it with his fingers and with small, carefully formed tools of wood, called "modeling sticks." These are to the sculptor almost what brushes are to the painter.

In making this design it is usually necessary, if the tatue is to be in an erect position, or not supported by solid masses, to arrange that a copper or lead wire runs inside the body and limbs of this miniature figure to support the soft clay or wax. This wire support, or "skeleton," as it is called, is in its turn held up at a proper distance from the board or ground by a piece of thicker wire or thin iron, sufficiently rigid to bear the weight of the clay or wax without trusting to the legs of the miniature figure, so that all the limbs can be moved about independently, and are in fact, as in nature, suspended from the trunk.

In modeling this sketch it is not desirable to attempt great accuracy or subtle detail of any kind, but rather to compose the work, that is to say, to arrange the direction of lines and masses so that the work may eventually prove to be properly balanced and intelligible from every point of view. This supposes that the statue is to be seen from all sides, but if it is intended for a niche this, of course, will not be necessary, and the back view may be sacrificed in favor of parts which will be seen. The making of this sketch model can be accomplished at an ordinary table or anywhere else where there is a good light. It requires not more than three or four hours to complete it, if the idea be already clearly formed in the sculptor's mind, since it is merely the fixing of that idea in tangible form, so as to secure its presence to be referred to the setting up of the full-sized statue.

Swedes in Maine.

About twenty years ago Maine tried the experiment of settling a township in Aroostook county with Swedish colonists. The land was given to them on condition that they made roads for their own convenience. They were brought over in a vessel sent for the purpose. The colony is prosperous and the members of it generally contented. There are many reasons why such is the case. The soil of Aroostook county is as rich as an Illinois prairie, and would be as productive if the seasons were longer. Everything a farmer raises can be sold to lumbermen. Potatoes, of which 400 bushels can be raised on an acre, can be sold to starch factories. Wood for fuel and lumber for buildings cost nothing. During the winter farmers can find employment in the pineries and earn good wages. This colony is so isolated that the persons composing it are not likely to move away.

He Retracted.

A Texas editor, having charged that the father of a rival editor had been in the penitentiary, was notified that he must retract or die. He retracted as follows: "We find that we were mistaken in our statement last week that the Bugle editor's sire had been in the penitentiary. The efforts of his friends to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life failed, and he was hanged."—Siftings.

WANTED A SOFT SNAP.

How the Attractions of a Military Life Were Dissipated.

Recently, says the Pitsburg Times, a man slightly under the influence of liquor approached the guard standing at the door of the recruiting station of the United States army, Penn avenue, and, addressing the soldiers, said: "Is this the place to enlist in the army?"

"Yes, sir," replied the uniformed gentleman.

"I believe I would like to enlist and go to the Alleghany Arsenal at Lawrenceville. That is a pretty nice place, and I think the soldiers have a pretty soft snap."

"But why do you want to join the army?" asked the soldier. "Are you in trouble and wish to withdraw from the world and drown your sorrow in the quiet life of a soldier, or are you out of employment and disheartened?"

"Neither of these," said the applicant for army honors. "I have been a hardworking man all my life, and now I want to take a rest and I know of no softer snap th n to be a soldier."

"Well, now, just listen one moment and I will explain the matter to you. In the first place the chances are ten to one that if you enlist you will regret it within three months and then wish you were back in Pittsburg. There is no way of getting back until your time is expired, and if you desert and come back you will be retaken, court-martialed and sentenced to undergo imprisonment at hard labor for five years. None but those of long service can get an opportunity to come to Pittsburg and be stationed at the arsenal or recruiting stations. You would be sent West, and be compelled to do sentinel duty at the camp, and be out in all kinds of weather, with no beer or whiskey to drive out the frost and dampness."

"Well," said the applicant with surprise, "if that is the case, I don't believe that I want to become a soldier. I am very much obliged to you for your information. I shall go back to my trade and cut stone. Good-by. If you find me back here again kick me out, will you?"

With these words he left, but came back again and asked the guard to come out and have a drink. Nothing damps the ardor of applicants for military honors more th n to describe the realities of soldier life.

PIE VS. SOULFULNESS.

Feminine Charms That Could Not Triumph Over Appetite.

"Harold," murmured the gentle girl, a tear dimming the lustre of the spectacles that rested lightly on her classical Græco-Bostonian nose, "I will not deny that our soul communion, our interchange of impressions, our mental symposia, not only specifically paleontological, but cosmical and metaphrastic in a general sense as well, have been pleasingly Emersonian. But you have taken advantage of a moment of perhaps unwonted soulfulness to endeavor to extort from me a pledge of earthly affinity. You seek to degrade—if I may use so strong a term—our essential psychomancy to the ultimate level of mere intersocial volition."

"Waldonia!" exclaimed the youth, "you misapprehend me. I——"

"Hear me out, Harold," she persisted. "I have confessed that I feel drawn to you by many psychocentric influences. But there are other considerations. When two earthly lives assimilate there must be no clashing vagaries—no hygienic polemics. Harold," she continued, in a trembling voice, "pardon the question—there is so much at stake—but do you ever defile your immortal nature by eating pie?"

The young man rose slowly to his feet and felt around in a vague way for his hat.

"Waldonia," he said in a voice of tragic misery, "the bitterest hour of my life has come, but I cannot hesitate a moment. I wouldn't give pumpkin pie for the soulfulest young woman that ever squawked. Good evening, Miss Ticklowell."

The pale moon rose with the timid, abashed demeanor with which she always rises over Boston Harbor, and her rays shown mildly and pittyingly on a young man with his hat pulled down over his eyes who was striding down the street, going out of his way to kick savagely at every lone and friendless dog in sight and talking volubly and recklessly to himself in the dialect of New York.

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So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newspaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

Our Subscription Rates.

One year in advance	$2.40
6 months " "	$1.35
3 months " "	75c

All business should be addressed to THE FREEMAN, Edward E. Cooper, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Freeman Wants

Honest, active, intelligent agents in every city, town and hamlet in the U. S. Industrious young colored men and women can find lucrative employment by addressing THE FREEMAN. ☞References required.

THE CROW AND DRAKE.

How the Latter Terribly Revenged a Cruel Wrong.

A duck with a brood of ducklings was walking along the edge of a pond, near Pleasant Mount, Pa., when one of a flock of crows that were hanging about the spot lit on the ground near the ducks, and pecked and strutted to and fro, in an indifferent sort of way, as though not noticing the presence of the ducks, but all the time drawing closer and closer to them. Finally the crow made a sudden movement, captured a duckling, and flew away with it, greeted by a loud chorus of congratulatory caws from its companions, who had been perched in a tree not far away as quiet as mice.

After a few minutes another crow dropped down on the ground and began a system of similar manoeuvres. The cawing of the crows ceased instantly, and the eyes of the flock were evidently, fixed on their scheming companion, watching the result of his wiles. A farmer who had been an eye witness of the first performance, now thought it strange and stupid on the part of the old ducks, after their experience, that they did not take their little ones in the water, where they could protect them better. But he did not interfere, being curious to see what success the second crow would have. He soon discovered that the ducks had longer heads than he gave them credit for. The crow pecked and sidled along it was quite near the ducks, when it darted forward to seize the duckling. But the drake had his eye on the marauder, and before the crow had the duckling the drake had the crow. It seized the black robber by one leg, and in spite of the latter's yells and fluttering, plunged in the pond with it. The drake swam a few feet, and then dove with his prisoner.

The capture of the crow filled the flock of crows with alarm, and they arose in a body and circled about with deafening cries. The sudden disappearance of their comrade beneath the the water aroused all their suspicious nature, and they flew rapidly away. The drake remained below for an extraordinary long time, and when it came to the surface the crow was not with it. It appeared soon afterward. It was as dead as a stone, the revenging drake having drowned it. The drake swam back to its mate and family, and a loud quacking of congratulations followed, after which the whole family launched themselves in the water for a triumphal swim. At least that is the story sent to the New York Sun.

When Marriage Is a Failure.

Marriage, where there is a decided impurity in the blood on either side, should be forbidden by parents or guardians. Insanity, scrofula, consumption (another form of the last named disease), all should be regarded as a bar to matrimony. This is a severe dictum, no doubt, destroying the happiness of many, but if faithfully adhered to for half a century or so, would certainly stamp out a great deal of the disease that now decimates and renders miserable the homes of many. The happiness of the few should give way to the good of the many, and if those unfortunately marked out by nature to be the modern lepers of society could have the courage to sacrifice themselves, unspeakable would be the benefit to mankind.

But to preach to others is an easy thing; when it comes to one's own turn to be sacrificed, we find "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint," and we rebel voilently against the fate that would chain us to circumstances. In truth, when a man loves a woman with all his heart and mind, it is a cruel rending of soul and body to separate him from her; yet, if he or she carry within them the sad and destructive seeds of madness, or any of those other well-known hereditary diseases that destroy humanity, surely it is an iniquity on their part to deliberately transmit the same to posterity. It is the little children, the flesh of their flesh, who suffer—irresponsible beings, brought into the world without desire of their own, without even their permission being asked.

Her Teeth.

Miss Frost (displaying her pearly teeth which look like the seeds in a cut promegranate)—"Mr. Youngling, is there a window open somewhere? Do you know I have just a twinge—a a tiny twinge of toothach." (A fetching smile displays teeth to better advantage.)

Mr. Youngling (looking fixedly at teeth through eye-glass)—"Really—"

Miss Frost—"Oh! I know you will not believe it—but it is really so. Now, now, don't flatter, you naughty boy."

Mr Youngling (still regarding teeth with stolid respect)—"No, really, I am not surprised—not at all, you know. I once read of a fellow who had his leg amputated, taken right off, don't you know, and yet he used to complain of twinges of pain in his toes—fact, really."—Town Topice.

The Boston Girl Afoot.

The gait of the average Boston woman is simply abominable. She scuttles, waddles, wobbles, everything, in short, but walks with ease and grace. As an excuse, she says the pavements are unequal, their skirts interfere, quite forgetting the trained actress is handicapped in much the same manner, and yet she manages to cross the stage without difficulty. If she struts or ambles, she hears the truth with more or less brutal frankness from the stage manager or critic. But, as a bright girl replied the other day when remonstrated with on this score; "Why, bless you! this is a free country!" A little trite, exceedingly American, but painfully true.—Boston Herald.

When He Would Believe Him.

One of the witnesses for the defence in the Circuit court created a smile in the afternoon by an ingeneous reply when asked to testify as to the veracity and standing of a neighbor. He was asked if he would believe the man under oath. "Well, I would believe him if I knew what he was saying was true."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

NEW USE FOR WATER.

A Stream Three-Quarters of an Inch in Diameter.

A new boat is expected to make the unusual speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Her propelling power will be a stream of water discharged from a nozzle three-quarters of an inch in diameter, at the stern. It has been practically demonstrated to the satisfaction of scientists that the impact of a column of water swiftly delivered under the surface against the body of water the ship floats in has precisely the same resulting reaction upon the vessel as if the stream were discharged against a solid wall beside the vessel. This achievement does not rest upon the results obtained in laboratory processes merely, but has been proved in the actual working of a steam launch of forty tons burden, the Prima Vista, which, with a hull not modeled for speed, with an ordinary engine and without a vacuum pump, attained a speed of twelve miles an hour by the projection of a stream of water one-quarter of an inch in diameter. The pressure of the column of water was 900 pounds to the square inch, and the nozzle discharged 320 pounds of water per minute at a velocity of 380 feet a second.

These facts were determined by Dr. Walter M. Jackson, of Rhode Island. He has spent more than eighty thousand dollars in his experiments and for the new boat, the Evolution. The latter is 100 feet long. Her draught is only 3 feet, and her floor is almost flat. The tendency in propulsion will be to drive her out of rather than under the water. By the use of steele for the boiler, hollow pistons, ribbed cross heads and aluminum where that metal is appropriate, the weight has been reduced 30 per cent and Dr. Jackson, who regards this construction as but a step toward his ideal, expects uitimately to get twice the power with one-fourth the weight of this apparatus. The pressure of the jet of water is 2,500 pounds to the square inch, and the nozzle will deliver 900 gallons a minute at a velocity of 600 feet a second. Among other advantages gained, the drag of a screw astern is obviated. A rudder, except an auxiliary one to be shipped if necessary, is also dispensed with, the ship being steered by a deflection of the current of water. A nozzle at the bow, brought into action by simply reversing the lever, delivers a stream forward to stop a boat or back her. Other applications of the jets of water are under consideration.

The saving in the direct application of power over the use of a screw propeller is estimated at more than 30 per cent. The space occupied by the engine is much less than that required by an ordinary marine engine, and it has the further advantage of being horizontal in its position in the vessel instead of being set up vertically. Dr. Jackson says that with a pressure of 3,000 pounds to the square inch through a three-quarter inch nozzle the Etrutria, one of the largest ocean steamships, could be driven twenty miles an hour. No disturbance of the water is made eighteen inches from the nozzle.

DRINK AND DRUNK.

An Institution Translated from the Old Country to America.

Tell me what a 'commers' is, anyway?" asked an American of his German friend. The two were seated together at lunch in a club house, and the fact had been mentioned that there had been a very "flotter commers" at the Fidelia headquarters the night before.

The German looked at the American in amazement. Evidently this was an aggravated case of woeful ignorance. "You don't know what a commers is?" he queried, and there were about ninety-nine exclamation points in the inflections of his voice.

"No," said the American.

"Well, to express it briefly, a commers is a —— of a time," smilingly quoth the other. "Or, to put it in more diplomatic language, a commers is a drinking bout, with speeches, songs and witticisms liberally sprinkled over it, conducted according to certain rules, formulas and ceremonies. The word 'commers' originally was a Latin one, meaning intercourse; in this case social intercourse, The thing itself is practiced with the greatest degree of perfection by the students of the German and Austrian universities. But the commers was imported into this country by the old German university-men who came over here after the unsuccessful revolutionary rising in '48 and '49. And they have perpetuated the commers in America, and their children and grandchildren have followed in their footsteps. Of course, not every commers is a success, no more than every banquet is a successs. It takes a number of concurrent conditions to produce what we Germans call a 'flotter commers.'"

Slightly Inappropriate.

The editor of the Evening News of Plainfield, N. J., assumed to write up a fashionable wedding in that town when "one of the most charming and accomplished of our Plainfield beauties" was married to a "handsome and popular young gentleman" at the Methodist church. The editor, after describing the "profusion of flowers," referred to a new "Italian baptismal font bought by the pastor while in Europe," as a tasteful and appropriate decoration. The friends of the young couple are indignant, and the editor has already made two apologies for the slip of his descriptive pen.—Rochester Herald.

NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY

There is no fool like a young dude.

It is an ill wind that blows about itself.

Better be right than the president of an electric company.

Take care of the pennies and let the expense take care of itself.

Don't go into an air-ship if the walking is at all what it ought to be.

The man is vain who writes for praise, but you wouldn't suspect it from his clothes.

Put a beggar on horseback and he will ask, "What's the matter with the family carriage?"

THE DRUMMER'S LATEST.

Don't Pick the Stray Thread from his Coat, to be Laughed At.

The drummer always brings the latest trick. Here it is:

Take a spool of white basting cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that whole thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are all bastings, and that they were unravelling not only your clothes, but yourself.

"I was in to see Wilson Barrett in 'Claudian' in Boston last week," said the travelling man. "It was in the most interesting and pathetic portion of the play. Everybody was rapt. I was sitting bolt upright, and didn't know or care to know a soul around me, when suddenly I felt some one tugging at that basting cotton that I myself had clean forgotten. I didn't say a word and did not move. Foot by foot it unrolled. Half glancing around. I saw a man—a total stranger—yanking at that thread. His face was scarlet. He had pulled out about ten yards and was now hauling in hand over hand. He didn't dare to stop because he had decorated my back and the whole aisle with basting cotton. He hardly dared to go ahead, for he didn't know what portion of my domestic interior economy he was trifling with. Rip! Rip! went the thread. Hand over hand he yanked it in. The aisle was full of it. 'For Heaven's sake! will it never end?' said he above his breath. I sat perfectly still and ran the spool while he pulled. How I wanted to yell. I never saw anything half so funny. The whole section of the house got onto it. They didn't know whether to laugh at me or him, and some looked on amazed at the spectacle. At last the stranger behind me gave one frantic rip and yanked out about eleven yards in one bunch, and as the cotton got twisted around his watch chain, over his eye glasses, in his very hair and filled his lap, I turned around and producing the spool from my pocket said: 'I am very much obliged for your interest and very sorry that I misled you. You see I have about one hundred and twenty-four yards left, but I presume that you don't care for any more to-night. I am honestly sorry, but I can't help smiling.'

"The man was a modest sort of gentleman in appearance. His face was red as fire even to his ears. He looked at me and then at the spool. He changed color once or twice, and then as the crowd caught on a big laugh went up right in one of the painful passages of 'Claudian,' and the gentleman who had intended to pull that thread off joined in the laugh and said: 'I will square that up on my wife when I get home; but, my friend, I swear to heaven that I did think at one time that I was going to undress you where you sat.'

"It catches every time, and my own wife has been fooled twice on it."

Legal Anecdotes.

A British legal periodical gives the following anecdotes: "Prisoner at the bar," said a judge at the Central Criminal Court, "if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case." Not quite so good or so bad as this was his sentence on another occasion. "Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case that induce me to take a lenient view of it, and I will therefore give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost."

The "saide Lord God" occurs in the will of the father of English real property law, Sir Thomas Lyttleton: "First, I bequeath my soul to Almighty God, Fader, Sonne, and Hollye Ghost, and to our most blessed lady and virgin saynt, Mary, moder of our Lord and Jesus Christ, the only begotten sonne of our saide Lord God, the Fader of Heven, and to St. Christopher, the which our saide Lord God did truste to bere on his shoulders," etc.

Said Lord Wellesley to Plunkett: "One of my aides-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "Well, my Lord," was Plunkett's reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real."

G. A. R. Buttons Fraudulently Worn.

People who have noticed the little bronze buttons on the lapels of the coats of gentlemen they meet commonly suppose that wearers of the buttons are members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The bronze button ought not to be worn by any one else, and the Grand Army as a body does everything reasonable to keep the buttons out of the possession of those not entitled to them.

Recently a man wrote to the N. Y. Sun to say that these buttons could be had by any one willing to buy at the pawnshops of New York and Brooklyn. A Sun reporter went to half a dozen New York pawnshops and was unable to buy one. At the pawnbroker's at Brooklyn end of the bridge and at one Bowery shop he was told that they sometimes had them on sale. Comrades got hard up and pawned them and failed to redeem them. The price charged by the brokers having them for sale they said was twenty-five cents.

All Have Hobbies.

Every rich woman in New York has a hobby, and in most cases it is charity. A Star reporter has been investigating, and he finds that seven rich women help the poor to the extent of $12,000 each per year. He is now seacrhing to find a case where any patient is any better off than before they begun. He has found hundreds who have let go of work to become sponges.

Out of His Proper Sphere.

An English astronomer announces that the earth is about to fall from its orbit. Perhaps that astronomer is further off the base than the earth will ever be.

A woman writer need not necessarily be a woman's righter.

"O to be dead and done with the trouble
That fills each day with a dreary pain,"
That is the moan of many a woman
Who thinks she can never be well again.
It were better for me and better for others
"If I were dead," and the tears fall fast.
Not so, not so, O wives and mothers,
There's a bow of hope in the sky at last,

and it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To cleanse the stomach, liver and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

Mrs. Mary W. Clymer has been Willing all along.

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1.

Election Returns—But it need not be in a hurry to.

Mediocrity always copies superiority. Dobbins' Electric Soap, first made in 1865, has been imitated more than any soap made. Ask your grocer for Dobbins' Electric Soap. All other Electrics, Electricity, Magnetics, etc., are imitations.

The soup crop is very large this fall.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

There is certainly something remarkable in this preparation, as it is meeting with a success never attained by any other medicine. It never fails if used as directed.

For over twenty years I have been a great sufferer from the effects of a diseased stomach, and for three years past have been unable to do business. Two years ago my case was pronounced incurable. I visited different water cures and climates, all to no purpose. Last June I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup (prepared by Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.), and at once began to feel better. I have used thirteen bottles and am a well man.

EDWARD BAKER,
Master Mechanic and Blacksmith, 20? Jackson street, Jackson, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Dr. Talmage Again an Editor.

Beginning with January 1st next, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., will become one of the editors of The Ladies' Home Journal, of Philadelphia. The famous preacher will have a regular department each month, written by himself, with the title "Under My Study Lamp." His first contribution will appear in the January number of the Journal. Dr. Talmage's salary is said to be one of the largest ever paid for editorial work.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A fowl bawl—A rooster's crow.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.

It's go winter be colder.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

We are now making small-size Bile Beans, especially adapted for children and women—very small and easy to take. Price of either size 25c per bottle. For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipts of price. J. F. SMITH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOW to CURE CATARRH. A circular describing a new and non irritating home treatment, that will cure Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Throat Affections, Bronchitis, and Consumption in its incipient stage, will be sent any one thus affected, by addressing D. YINGLING, M. D., Huntington, Ind.

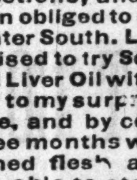
BRONCHITIS CURED.

After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion.

146 Centre St., New York, June 25th, 1888.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter South. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Blizzard and attend to business every day. C. T. CHURCHILL.

Sold by all Druggists.



"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RAZORS and POCKET KNIVES are acceptable presents all the year. For the finest quality and lowest price address ALLING & LODGE, Mention this paper. MADISON, IND.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Had a Right to Feel that Way.

First Mattress—How do you feel?

Second Mattress—Full as a tick.

Anguish Unspeakable

Is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any form of the disease may reach that agonizing phase or attack the heart and cause death. Unhappily they who feel its preliminary twinges seldom realize this. Like other possibly dangerous maladies, rheumatism is often disregarded at the outset. Well will it be for him if this brief notice shall serve as a warning of future peril or pain to a reader troubled with incipient rheumatism. The proper sequel will be an instantaneous resort to the great preventive depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose brevet of professional commendation popular experience has confirmed. There is no finer or more genial antidote to the virus of rheumatitm in the system. Botanic in its origin, it is free from the objections attaching to depurent poisons liable to be taken in more than the infinitesimal dose. The Bitters conquers malaria, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.

Professional oarsmen do about as much rowing as rowing.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Ore.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

is really what THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is. It publishes each year as much matter as the four dollar monthlies, and is illustrated by the same artists. It is an educator in every home, and always an entertaining and wholesome companion. It has a unique place in American family life. If you do not know it, you will be surprised to see how much can be given for the small sum of $1.75 a year. The price sent now will entitle you to the paper to January, 1891. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

THE GREAT **REMEDY FOR PAIN** CURES PERMANENTLY **SPRAINS.**

Washington, Tex., June 26, 1888.
Had suffered off and on for fifteen years with strained back; no trouble with it now; two years ago was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return. H. CARTMELL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Walter Buhl & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF **FURS!**

WE ARE THE LARGEST IMPORTERS OF SEAL SKINS in the country and make a specialty of selling SEAL JACKETS SACQUES & NEWMARKETS &c., &c. Ask your merchant for them.

WALTER BUHL & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND — This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

C. A. AUSTIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL. **WELL DRILLS** for all purposes. Send 20cts. for mailing catalogues with full particulars. CARPENTER ST. AND CARROLL AVE.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Eighteen men were arrested in Kansas on the 13th inst. for murder.

The economic aspect is a strong point in favor of the use of Dr. Price's Delicions flavoring Extracts, Vanilla, Orange, Rose, Almond, Lemon, etc. First, they have three times the strength of ordinary extracts; second, the bottles hold nearly twice as much as those ordinarily sold for the same size; third, they are made from the true fruits.

Joseph Hiser, Leavenworth, is aged thirteen, and weighs 230 pounds.

Catarrh

Is a complaint which affects nearly everybody, more or less. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, tickling in the throat, offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises in the ears are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased tissues and giving healthy tone to the whole system.

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run down state of health and kidney trouble. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a good medicine." MRS. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on. **FREE** by return mail, full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

DR. W. H. SARBER

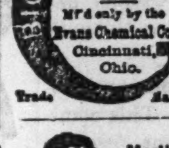
Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers, cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles. Rectal Troubles successfully treated, and cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 96½ South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

FINE SCISSORS BY MAIL

We will mail you postage paid, on receipt of 75c. A PAIR OF LADIES' SCISSORS **75c.**

This engraving is one-third the size of a 6 inch Scissor. In ordering, state whether you want 5, 5½ or 6 inches. You can rely on the quality being the finest Silver Steel. ALLING & LODGE, Madison, Ind.

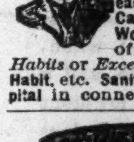


ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific Relief in TEN MINUTES. PETER D. SWOYER, M. D. Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

BIG G — Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.



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Hereafter The Freeman will be delivered in this city by carriers and not through the postoffice. Persons desiring to subscribe can order through the carriers.

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This is the place where you can get the most of the best for your money.

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White, $2.50. Gray, $3.00.
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ESTABLISHED IN 1853.

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We are having a very successful season in our Cloak Department, from the fact that we are giving good values at low prices; also, because our garments are all perfect-fitting and good styles. Every cloak is marked in plain, figures, and every customer pays the same price. People have lost confidence in those who ask $40 for a cloak, and then offer it at $35, and finally at $30, to effect a sale. They have learned that it is better to buy from a reliable house whose prices are marked in plain figures, and from which there is no deviation. The fact of making no deviation in price is evidence that the lowest price has been placed on the goods, and being in plain figures there is no deception as to value.

We never had such a complete stock of cloaks, and never sold so many.

Our Plush Garments, from $10 to $40 are every one honest value.

We have a very large assortment of Newmarkets in plain, striped, plaid and fancy cloths, all good colors.

In Misses' and Children's Cloaks we are showing very desireable styles, and one great advantage is that we are able to fit every child.

We always have a full stock of Shawls.

New line of Gossamers just opened.

Figured China Silks.

New and exclusive designs in Figured China Silks for drapery, throws and all fancy work. Very handsome styles and colors.

Quilted Satins are being used largely for fancy work, and we have a fine line of colors, such as Light Blue, Pink, Old Gold, Terra Cotta, Cardinal, Garnet, Wine, Navy Blue, Seal Brown and Black.

DRESS GOODS.

Our Dress Goods stock, in black and colors, is very large, and offers you all the most desireable styles.

We are still showing some handsome Robes and Combination Suits.

We have some very good bargains in Dress Goods from 12 1-2c to 25.

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We are making a specialty for two weeks in our Linen Department. This is to meet the demand for Table Linen for Thanksgiving. Every lady who intends giving a dinner to her friends on Thanksgiving will need to supply more or less in Linen for the table. We can show you some very good things which you will readily appreciate.

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OUR FURS ARE ALL OPEN.

Short Lengths

Bleached Muslins.

We have been favored in having secured three cases of Short Lengths Bleached Muslins, same as we had two months ago. These run from 10 to 20 yards long, and are acttually worth 9c. Our price is 7 1-2c by the piece.

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One Hundred Velvet Hassoeks.
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Every size made. Prices about one-half their real worth.

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We bought one hundred dozen Ladies and Children's Hats at less than half their value. You will find them on our center counter in two lots. One lot, 19c: the other 39c. We have sold the same styles this season at $1.25.

Prices Always in Plain Figures.

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Chinese Vegetable Remedies.

"If it had not been for Gun Wa's Remedies you would not find me at the washtub, doing my family washing," said Mrs. Francis Jones, of No. 7 Ellsworth street, city, to a gentleman, when calling on her in regard to a statement concerning the treatment she has received from Gun Wa. Said Mrs. Jones: "I think it is only just to let the public know what benefit I have derived by using Gun Wa's Chinese Herb Remedies. I have been troubled for probably five years with external and internal piles, which at times, would become so inflamed as to compel me to remain in bed for several days. Besides this disease, I have been a sufferer from female weakness all my life, and, at times, would suffer from an aggravated case of dyspepsia. I have, these last three or four years, consulted innumerable physicians, not only

from this city, but other places, and have undergone at least a dozen treatments during this time. I had a severe operation performed on me in Chicago about two years ago on account of my piles, and was told at the time by the physician, that through this operation I would be entirely relieved of these piles. But very sorry was my after experience. Very soon I became convinced that the operation did me no more good than all the other treatment I underwent from former physicians. In short words, $150 was spent in full confidence on doctors and all kinds of medicine, and in return I received nothing but polite talk. It was on account of a friend of mine that I was persuaded to see Dr. Gun Wa and try his Vegetable Remedies. It will suffice to say that I can only speak in the highest terms of his treatment, regarding my case, and that I am deriving more benefit since using his remedies than I ever did before. I would advise any person, afflicted similarly as I was, to go and consult Gun Wa without hesitation. Besides, I invite any lady to call and enable me to substantiate the above, in person."

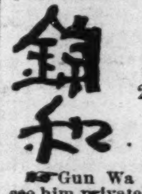
Those who kindly send Gun Wa their testimonial of cure will confer a favor by enclosing their picture, as without that their testimonial is useless for advertising purposes.

Gun Wa is a Chinese physician, who can not, under the American laws, practice medicine, so he sells prepared Chinese vegetable remedies for various diseases. He has been in Indianapolis several months, during which time he has effected so many remarkable cures that his name will soon be a household word in Indiana.

His suite of parlors are in the second story of 25 West Washington street. Every patient will see Gun Wa privately. No charge for consultation, examination or advice.

A friendly chat with Gun Wa costs nothing. If you can not call on him, send for his circular on cancer, tape worm, rheumatism, piles, female weakness, catarrh, or his book (for men only) on nervous and private diseases. Those suffering from evil effects of follies or excesses should call or write. Cure guaranteed.

Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M. In writing always inclose four cents in stamps. Call on or address.



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☞Gun Wa has several parlors. You will see him privately.

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